Vol. CXLI. No. 1831.

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THE BYSTANDER January 18, 1939

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

Stage : Films : Winter Sports : Gardening

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THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Athene Seyler as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success has Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast: Piccadilly, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

MARCO MILLIONS.—A doubtful piece of O'Neill satire (first performance in England), with Griffith Jones and Robert Harris: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Gay and full-blooded production by Guthrie, dances by de Valois, décor by Messel, strong Vic-Wells cast: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30 (last 3 days).

NUMBER SIX.—Gordon Harker, Franklin Dyall, Rosalyn Boulter in an Edgar Wallace thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sydney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Savoy, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 114.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

January 18—January 24

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

Mme. d'Alvarez

The Spanish contralto who has been singing in America for the past three years is now back in London for three recitals at the Æolian Hall: to-morrow, 19th, Feb. 2nd, March 2nd

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum ("Christmas Rocket": 2.30, 6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Seasonable Specials

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto: Drury Lane, 2 and 7.45.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Richard Goolden as Lord Babs in this hoary farce: Haymarket, 2.30 and 8.30.

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. 2.45, 7.45. Sats., 2.30., 6, 8.45.

LET'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', 2.30 and 8.

MILLS' CIRCUS.—Olympia, 2.30 and 7.30. Sat., 2.0, 5.15, 8.30.

PETER PAN.—Seymour Hicks as Hook, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter: Palladium, 2.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, 2 and 7.30.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto: Covent Garden, 2 and 7.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.15 only

First Nights

THEY WALK ALONE.—Max Catto's rural thriller has Beatrix Lehmann, Carol Goodner Rene Ray: Shaftesbury, Thurs., 19th.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.—Roger Livesey as Tony Lumpkin, Ursula Jeans, Edward Chapman, Margaret Yarde; Guthrie's production: Old Vic, Tues., 24th.

CINEMAS

CHERI-BIBI (French).—Under this misleading title is a tough story of convicts on Devil's Island, headed by Pierre Fresnay: Berkeley.

THE CITADEL (American).—Prize-winning film of Cronin's novel has Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell as the doctor and his wife: Empire.

CONFLICT (French).—Corinne Luchaire is the star of this: Carlton.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American).—Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in a straightforward boy-meets-girl story: Gaumont.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

FOUR 'S A CROWD (American).—The crowd is Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Rosalind Russell and Patrick Knowles: Carlton.

I AM THE LAW (American).—Edward G. Robinson is the star: Regal.

IT 'S IN THE AIR (British).—George Formby and Polly Ward in a musical: New Gallery.

THE MIKADO (British).—Geoffrey Toye's film of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, in technicolour: Leicester Square.

THE PATRIOT (French).—Harry Baur, Pierre Renoir, Suzy Prim in the Jannings' film story: Studio One.

QUAI DES BRUMES (French).—A sombre and gripping drama of the lower world; Jean Gabin as a deserter, Michele Morgan a lost girl: Academy.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE and RACKET BUSTERS (American).—Double feature programme of thrills: Tivoli.

TRADE WINDS (American).—A travel film, with Joan Bennett, Fredric March, and a bogus plot stuck in as foreground: London Pavilion.

THE YOUNG IN HEART (American).—A gay comedy with a moral has Janet Gaynor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Paulette Goddard in it: Odeon.

Premiere

STOLEN LIFE (British).—Elisabeth Bergner's newest film, with Michael Redgrave, starts in aid of the Baldwin Appeal and the Women's Appeal Fund for refugees: Plaza, to-night, 18th.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

MADAM BUTTERFLY.—To-night, 18th, 8.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, HOROSCOPE, LES PATINEURS.—Thurs., 19th, 8.30.

THE SNOW MAIDEN.—Fri., 20th, 7.45.

HARLEQUIN IN THE STREET, LAC DES CYGNES (II.), CHECKMATE.—Sat., 21st, 2.30.

DON CARLOS.—Sat., 21st, 7.45.

RENDEZVOUS, GISELLE.—Tues., 24th, 8.30.

MUSIC

B.B.C. CONCERT.—Bruno Walter conducts the orchestra and Choral Society and four soloists in Brahms' "Song of Destiny" and Beethoven's Choral Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 18th, 8.15.

L.P.O. CONCERT.—Bruno Walter in Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung," and Mahler's 1st Symphony: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 19th, 8.15.

LINA PAGLIUGHI.—A recital at the Queen's Hall, Fri., 20th, 8.30.

BEECHAM SATURDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. and Schnabel in a Mozart programme: Queen's Hall, Sat., 21st, 3 p.m.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—The L.P.O. in a Haydn, Schubert, Beethoven and Sibelius programme: Covent Garden, Sun., 22nd, 3.15.

SUNDAY POP.—Charles Hambourg conducts the L.S.O. in a modern programme including Ibert's saxophone concerto: Queen's Hall, Sun., 22nd, 3.15.

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The Bystander

Lee Garmes

Maureen O'Hara: Film Debutante

Every now and then the film world produces the kind of real-life fairy-story which sets screen-struck girls agog with eagerness and mightily irritates their cautious parents. The newest heroine of such a story is lovely eighteen-year-old Maureen O'Hara from Dublin. Over from Ireland on a trip, she was introduced to Erich Pommer, Charles Laughton's film-producing partner, was given a screen test, then a grooming-for-stardom contract, and the next thing she knew she was Charles Laughton's leading lady. Alfred Hitchcock, who is directing the new Laughton film, *Jamaica Inn*, picked her out for the part after seeing "rushes" of her screen test, and last Thursday her first scenes with Laughton (as a nineteenth-century Cornish squire) were shot at Elstree. *Jamaica Inn* is based on Daphne du Maurier's novel, and the third film to be made by the Laughton-Pommer company, Mayflower Picture Corporation. Their first, *Vessel of Wrath*, is now being shown in New York (see p. 76)

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Count Grandi, the Italian Ambassador

The Italian Ambassador to Britain, who took a leading part in last week's Rome talks between "il Ombrello" and il Duce, is the most striking personality of London's diplomatic corps. The career of Dino Conte Grandi di Mordano started with war bravery which became a legend; later, after the hoisting of the Fasces, his bravery in outspoken, constructive criticism of Mussolini gained the latter's regard. Though Ciano, Grandi's successor as Foreign Minister, also succeeded him as best tip for "il Duce II.", Grandi is one of the key men in the party, a member of the Fascist Grand Council, and of the new aristocracy (he was ennobled in 1937). He has been Ambassador here since 1932, and throughout the Anglo-Italian bickerings of the past years his dignity and restraint earned him great respect. Quite lacking in Fascist flamboyance (despite his pose here), he yet fits excellently into the sombre magnificence of the Embassy in Grosvenor Square, for whose decoration the Italian palazzi were combed. Count Grandi has a private house at Virginia Water where his wife, son and daughter mostly live. He is also a keen clubman (Athenæum, St. James's, Travellers', Bath, Turf), a book collector, a gardener and a mountaineer

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE famous visit to Rome has ended where it began, as most people predicted. In other words, nothing has happened. It was impossible to see how anything could happen. Signor Mussolini cannot afford to give up one inch of his ground which he has taken up in the Mediterranean, and Mr. Chamberlain could hardly have risked his personal prestige by surrendering anything. So they met and smiled and talked for a short while and parted. During it all, the Italian troops were fighting successfully in Spain. Of all the conferences that have taken place since the war, the Rome Conference has been the least productive of results.

THIS week's first prize for journalistic idiocy goes to the correspondent of *The Times* who wrote of Mr. Chamberlain's trip to Rome: "At Dover he walked jauntily along the quay to the ship, swinging his famous umbrella by the ferrule, for all the world like a niblick." If you try to analyse the meaning of this sentence you will find yourself rapidly going mad.

THE war in the Far East has taken an extraordinary turn. The Japanese mass-onslaughts have come to a standstill on all the fronts, while the Chinese guerilla forces are increasing in numbers every day, and are becoming more and more audacious and successful. Gunfire has been heard in Peking, for example, and the Japanese control nothing except the cities and the railway lines. The Japanese invasion of China looks like being the greatest fiasco since 1812.

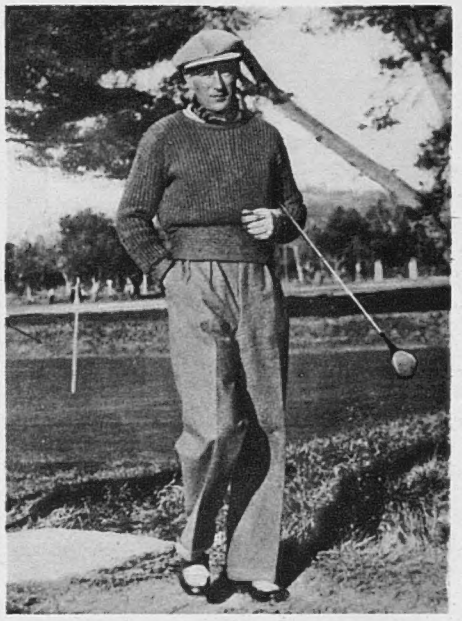
THEY are having high jinks at the East Norfolk by-election, where there are two candidates fighting each other to the death, and both crying to the winds of Heaven that they are on the same side. The official Conservatives support the Simonite candidate, and the unofficial Conservatives support the Conservative candidate. It is, of course, simply another manifestation of the truth, which everyone has known for a long time, that there really are no such things as Simonite Liberals. They are just Tories under another name.

THE French Embassy is alleged to have prepared a detailed report on British agriculture for the benefit of the French Government, beginning with the words: "In this country there are three ways of wasting money: the first is gambling; the second is on women; and the third is on agriculture." Speaking for myself, I simply do not believe a Frenchman could have used the word "wasting," except, perhaps, on the first and third.

A SHIPPING policy has been jointly submitted to the Government by the Chamber of Shipping and the ship-owners in Liverpool, and it is to be hoped that the Government will do something about it. The main recommendation is that Parliament should vote five millions a year for five years to support British liners. At the present moment the whole of our mercantile marine is faced with intense competition by subsidised opponents. Our merchant shipping is as important for the defence of the country as anti-aircraft guns and balloon barrages, and it is high time that it was treated as such.

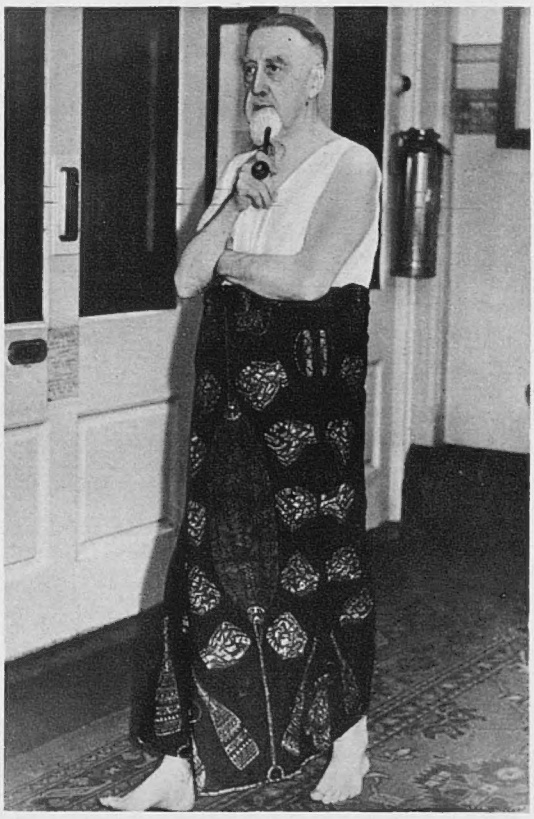
THIRTY-FOUR persons have been arrested in Ulster and are being imprisoned indefinitely without a trial. They are alleged to be connected with the Irish Republican Army. The state of affairs in Ulster is quite extraordinary. It sends Members of Parliament to Westminster; it claims loudly and proudly on every possible occasion to be an integral part of the British Empire, and it receives a good deal of money each year from the British Treasury. And yet it abolishes, almost casually, the rule of Habeas Corpus which is one of the most sacred rights of the British citizen. It is all very odd and, in these days of increasing tyranny and diminishing freedom, it is all a little disquieting.

SPEAKING as a patriotic Scotsman, I must register my protest against Mr. Timothy Shy's remark about the Scottish Exhibition at Burlington House. Mr. Shy, writing in the *News Chronicle*, said that he had asked an impartial critic what he would call the Exhibition. And he alleges that the critic gave one look at one of the walls, and said he would call it a day. There are moments when I cannot make up my mind whether I dislike Mr. Shy more than Mr. Wyndham Lewis, or *vice versa*. And, while I am at it, I would like once again to deny Mr. Lewis's story that I bicycle round Mayfair whistling to duchesses. It is, of course, actresses.



Count de Rethy *was the incognito of the King of the Belgians for his Riviera holiday: here golfing at Cagnes-sur-Mer. Rethy is a small town in East Flanders*

Musician on duty: *Geoffrey Toye, producer, conductor and adaptor of "The Mikado" for the screen, was at the gala premiere*



Musician off duty: *Sir Granville Bantock is at the Australian and New Zealand science congress which opened at Canberra in 108 deg. in the shade. The composer wore a sarong in his Sydney hotel*

In Monte Carlo *Lady Mendl was photographed. She has rented the Chateau de la Garoupe at Antibes, near the Windsors' Chateau de la Croë, and she was last week supervising its arrangement with the skill that made her, as Elsie de Wolfe, one of New York's best-known interior decorators*

In New York *Elsa Lanchester played her part-scenes from "The Vessel of Wrath" (running there as "The Beachcomber") for N.B.C. listeners, while her husband, Charles Laughton, did his part from London (the head-phone gives her his lines). This is the first time parts of one broadcast have come simultaneously from two continents*

ON the whole, I think the *Manchester Guardian* was a little tactless the other day to announce in big headlines the words "Blackpool lit up again." It turned out in the end that it was something to do with a big electricity black-out, but it sounded a little ambiguous.

I WENT the other night to Earl's Court to see *Winter Cavalcade*. It certainly is an astounding spectacle. Everything was bigger and brighter and swaggerer than anything I have ever seen before. The climax, of course, is the ski-jumping on the huge slope of artificial snow. The skill of the experts has to be seen to be believed. On the other hand, the monkey-man left me cold.

THE strange noise which has been heard in the skies over New York City is reminiscent of the noise that could be heard, according to the legend, in Boston on quiet nights when the roar of the traffic had died down. The noise in Boston also baffled the scientists until it was discovered to be the sound of Bostonian ladies and gentlemen reciting Browning in their back-gardens. Mr. Max Beerbohm also invented a mysterious noise which went on day and night in London. It was the sound of Lady Blank climbing, climbing, climbing.

THE chaps who do the motor-licensing in Hampshire did a remarkable thing last week. During the crisis, a gentleman offered his services as a volunteer, and at his own expense evacuated a number of boys from a school at Folkestone to Somerset. He looked after the boys in Somerset, and was so busy that he forgot to renew his driving licence. The authorities then summoned him. Fortunately the magistrates took a reasonable view and fined him one penny, but he had to pay two pounds in costs all the same. I hope he will be more careful in the next crisis, either to renew his licence or not to be so patriotic.

THE event to which I look forward more than most is the publication of a photograph of a man and woman which shall not be Mr. and Mrs. Brian ("All for Love") Grover. Another momentous occasion will be an issue of a daily paper without a picture of a young girl skating. By the way, don't boys skate? And if not, why not?

A REMARKABLE anniversary is approaching and will be here in a very short time. You all know—or you ought to—the famous comic strip of Dot and Carrie in the *Star*. Mr. J. F. Horrabin, who draws it, is actually within a minute or two of producing his 5000th strip. The one which lies before me as I write is numbered 4973. I yield to no man in my adoration of Dot and in my sympathy for Mr. Spilliken.

A FORTNIGHT ago in these pages I mentioned the magnificent effort being made by the entertainment industry on behalf of Lord Baldwin's Fund. It has been pointed out to me since that I gave all the credit to the legitimate stage and none to the picture-theatres. This was pure inadvertence on my part, because I knew perfectly well that the whole entertainment industry is combining to help the Fund. The Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association is organising the picture angle.

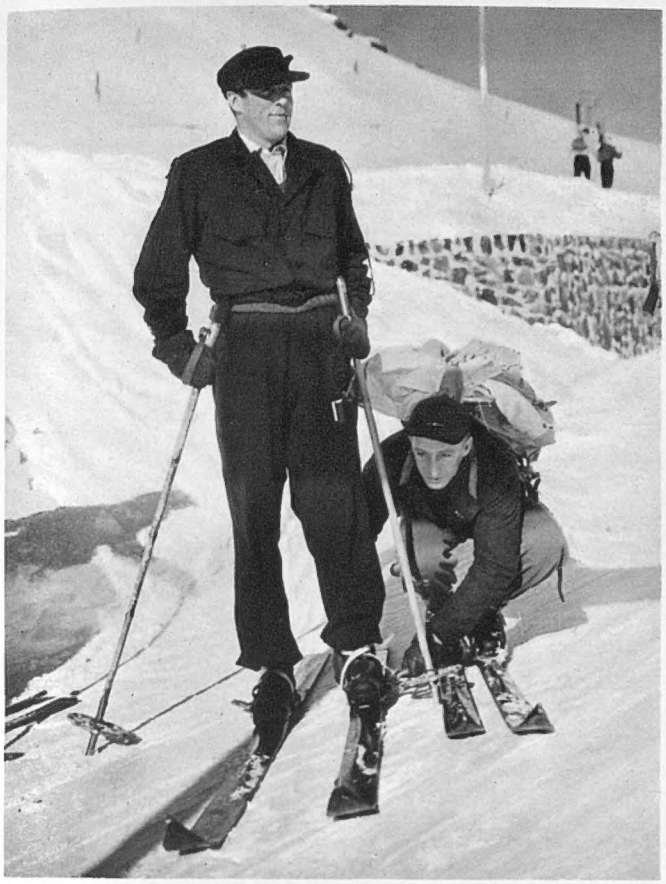
OF all the names in the film of *The Mikado*, none moves me more than that of Mr. Sydney Granville. Long years ago he used to play Nanki-Poo in the company which came to Aberdeen in the Christmas holidays. I can remember the company now. Sir Henry Lytton, Fred Billington, Strafford Moss, Leicester Tunks, and the one and only divine Clara Dow. How we all worshipped her. Now Mr. Granville plays Fred Billington's parts, and Miss Dow is a memory.

I HAVE just heard of a new racket in the West End. Two gentlemen in civilian clothes go into restaurants, and announce themselves as police officers who have noticed that a car has been parked outside the restaurant. They then hint gracefully that they are prepared to accept a drink in return for not issuing a summons. They tried it on last week on Mr. Leslie Banks and Mr. Ronald Simpson (who have just finished playing *Mr. Chips* at the Shaftesbury), but they made a crashing mistake in choosing actors to deceive. If there is one thing that your professional actor can spot a mile away it is an amateur actor, and Messrs. Banks and Simpson were not deceived for one instant, and the men bolted.

Change-over at the Nore: *last week Admiral Sir Edward Evans ("Evans of the Broke") handed over, after four years, the Nore Command to his successor, Admiral Sir Henry Brownrigg, Bt. The new C.-in-C. (on the left here) entered the Navy in 1881, saw service as naval attaché at Tokyo and Peking, 1910-12. He was chief censor at the Admiralty during the war*

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages A to E before the Frontispiece.



Earl de la Warr, *President of the Board of Education since last October, went to Davos for his holiday, had his own snow education attended to—also his bindings—by a thin, good-looking guide. His department came into the limelight a week or two ago with the publication of the momentous Spens Report, in which drastic reforms of the secondary education system are recommended*

Mr. Joseph Kennedy, Jr., *and* ***Miss Megan Taylor*** *have become constant skating companions on the St. Moritz rinks, where the holder of the World Championship for women is practising indefatigably (ten hours a day, Lord Donegall says). While the Kennedy family are ski-ing and skating, the U.S. Ambassador has been giving "gloomy" and "dismal" reports on Europe to the Senate and Congress Military Affairs Committees*

Celebrity Snow News Reel

Mr. L. S. Amery *is another politician whose brief escape from public affairs has taken him on to the snow. He has been staying at Klosters, was here ski-ing to the station to take the train for a Davos-to-Klosters run*

The Marquess of Donegall *has been one of the notable novices on the Cresta this season. He took his first ride some two weeks ago, reported it in heartrending fashion in his usual confidential corner of the Sunday Press, and was then able to resume ski-ing with whole limbs and much relief. With him here are Miss Lorna Harmsworth, the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth's elder daughter, Princess Alexandra of Greece, and her mother, Princess Aspasia of Greece*

FIVE WEDDINGS

Capt. Wilkins and Miss Drummond Moray

Captain James French Wilkins, Norfolk Regiment, and Grace Stirling Home Drummond Moray, daughter of Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Drummond Moray, of Abercairny, Crieff, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and have gone motoring in Germany for their honeymoon. He is the only son of the late Col. and Mrs. J. I. Wilkins, of Eye, Suffolk

Miss Mander and Mr. Stirling

Patrick Stirling, only son of Kenneth Stirling, of 21, Boulevard Lannes, Paris, and grandson of His Honour Judge Woodcock, married Marietta Mander, daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Mander, of Kilsall Hall, Shifnal, Salop, at Tong Parish Church. They are having a South of France honeymoon

Mr. Ryde and Miss Helen Ball

Michael Ryde is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Ryde, of Poundfield House, Old Woking, Surrey. Helen Ball is the younger daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, of Kimbridge House, near Romsey, Hants. They were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

HUNTING

The Earl and Countess of Bective were Host and Hostess to the H.H.

Mrs. Low, Lord and Lady Bective, their nine-year-old daughter, Lady Olivia Taylour, Lady Musgrave and her daughter Lizanne, and Miss Bromwich lined up on the steps of Froyle Place when the H.H. and a huge field met there recently. Lord Bective is the Marquess of Headfort's heir, founded and runs an electrical company, married Sir Rupert Clarke's widow in 1928. Froyle Place is near Alton, in Hampshire

RACING

An Umbrella Trio of Regulars at Gatwick

Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, Mrs. Clive Graham and Mrs. David Phillips all go racing in all weathers, and all look decorative in spite of it. Before their marriages they were Diana Carlos Clarke, Dorothy North (her brother succeeded his grandfather as Lord North last month) and Daphne Dukes

Social Register

Miss Chetwynd-Stapylton and Captain Adeane

Capt. Michael Edward Adeane, Coldstream Guards, Assistant Private Secretary to the King, and Helen Chetwynd-Stapylton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chetwynd-Stapylton, of Headlands, Berkhamsted, Berks., were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Count Bernstorff, Miss Gilligan

Count Hugo Bernstorff, of Watersen Herzgt, Lanenburg, Germany, and Bridget Aline Gilligan, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. G. G. Gilligan, and Mrs. Gilligan, of Pettistree Lodge, Wickham Market, Suffolk, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and then left for Paris

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Barrett and Mr. Wyatt

Mary Scott Barrett, only daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. Scott Barrett, of Kingswood, Surrey, and Colin William fforde Wyatt have announced their engagement. He is known both as a ski-ing and ski-jumping ace, and as an artist. Was photographed with his fiancée ready to ski on the Earl's Court snow slopes

PICTURE GAZING

Right: Lady Smiley and her mother, Mrs. Beaton, at the private view of Sir Francis Rose's exhibition

Below: Sir Francis Rose, who lives at Morgins, on the Riviera, is showing his pictures at the Mayor Gallery. With him are, left, Sir Charles Rose, his cousin and heir-presumptive, and Daphne Lady Rose; right, Miss Briar Rose and Mrs. Robert Beloc

Sir Francis Rose (centre) at His Private View

WINTER SPORTS
IN SCOTLAND

The Countess of Airlie played in her husband's ice hockey team against Col. Ivan Guthrie's side in a wild battle on Forfar Loch. Her second son Angus was the team's goalie

Miss Georgie Hutchison, of Kinross, was one of the curlers in the Loch Leven Province Bonspiel, held on excellent ice on the Thrapple Hole part of the loch

Happy-weds at Table

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow sat together at the gala opening of Earl Carroll's Theatre Restaurant in Hollywood, for which the promoters followed the best recipe for sure publicity—gathering the famous of the film colony. Fans will not need to be told that Mrs. Hornblow is Myrna Loy

Producer and Star at Table

Mervyn LeRoy, now working with M.-G.-M. ("Stand Up and Fight," to be shown shortly, is his), lighted a cigarette for Paramount's Claudette Colbert. The French star, Hollywood's best-drest, is just completing "Zaza," a film of Paris in the 80's, complete with flurries of Can-Can. It should be seen here this summer

A Hollywood Dinner Date: celebrities of the film colony lend their fame to win publicity for a new restaurant

Bevy of Beauty in the Foyer

Stars at the zenith, stars on the wax, stars on the wane—everyone with a name in Hollywood was on Earl Carroll's invitation-list. Again with apologies to fans for telling them what is plain to see, we name this quartette: German Marlene Dietrich, Mexican Dolores del Rio, American Sally Eilers and French Lili Damita (Mrs. Errol Flynn)

Producer and Star in the Foyer

Walter Wanger (pr. as in "ranger") and Joan Bennett arrived together. He produced her film "Trade Winds" (London Pavilion), which was partly an excuse for using travel shots he took on a world trip, and in which she appeared brunette, strikingly resembling Hedy Lamarr. Compare also her beauty spot with Lili Damita's

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

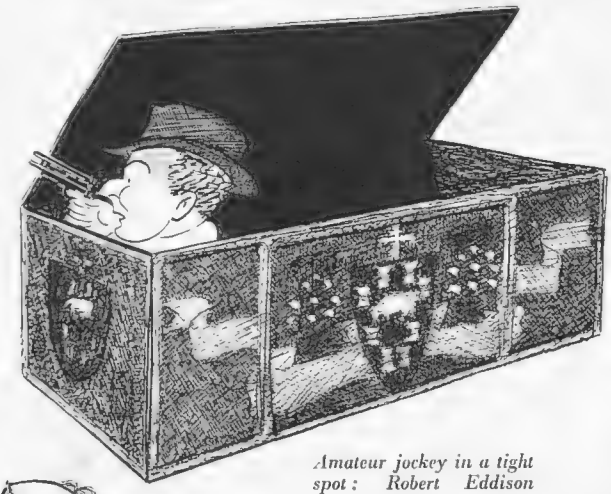
"Number Six" (Aldwych)

MR. GORDON HARKER, preserving once again a loose under-lip in the face of a perilous underworld, may now be seen in *Number Six*—who *is* Number Six?—a dramatisation by Messrs. Guy Bolton and Gerard Fairlie of an Edgar Wallace novel, at the Aldwych Theatre. A very fair specimen of its well-known type this thriller is, the mystery being well kept, the pistols being silent and illuminated, the villain being the last in the direct line of descent from Cæsar Borgia, the heroine being distressed in gowns by Norman Hartnell, the dialogue bristling with such Scotland Yard aphorisms as "Two 's company, three 's a witness," and the critic being left with a feeling of relief that it would be unfair to give away the plot of a story which he has the greatest difficulty in remembering when he sits down to write his few kind words. Sufficient that, after scenes in haunts of villainy now only too well, now only too ill furnished, whence we proceed to Antibes (for which Mr. Harker has discovered a new pronunciation), and thence to a yacht in a storm, the last of the Borgias gets it in the neck he so richly deserves to lose.

THE French pronunciation of Mr. Harker is one of the pleasures of this piece. He is always hoping, for example, that he is not *de trew*—which, of course, he never is, even though we know that every time he goes off, it will be on a "good" line, as when he replies to the question "Indian or China?" with "Scotch." There are quite a lot of things we now know beforehand about Mr. Harker. We know, for example, that he will drop into rhyming slang. We know that he will mount at intervals into that old-school-tie voice. We know that, however black appearances, he will, before the night is out, be found as stalwart a pillar of virtue as the jolly jack tar who, in Victorian melodramas, used to pop out of barrels at the psychological moment, ejaculating "Not *this* time, Montmorency Vavasour," or whatever the name might be. But we also know that Mr. Harker will be highly amusing, and this knowledge outweighs all the rest put together. Repetitionist though he may be, we are not tired of him yet.

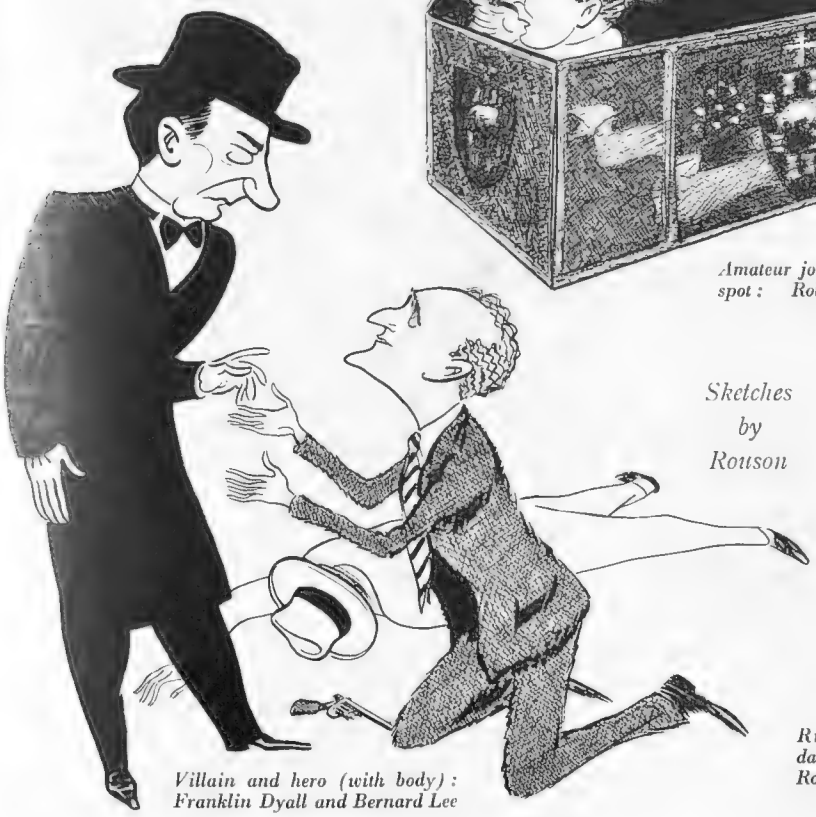
INVALUABLE in *Number Six* is Mr. Franklin Dyall, the best, worst, smoothest, sinisterest, out-and-out villain of our time. Though hissing has gone out, the audience is unanimous in the feeling that it wouldn't—as a lady once remarked—"trust him with a barge-pole." Miss Rosalyn Boulter makes a heroine any decent chap would give his right hand to help; Mr. Robert Eddison and Mr. Bernard Lee keep us guessing as to which is the one she ought to marry and which the one she oughtn't; Mr. Hignett as her poor crushed daddy wanders through the evening like a lost soul. In short, an A1 play for boys, and we are all boys at heart—or aren't we? In any case, if we started life old and then grew steadily younger, the plays we chose to see in middle-age would not be such as *Number Six*.

Cockney characterisation : Gordon Harker



Amateur jockey in a tight spot : Robert Eddison

Sketches by Rouson



Villain and hero (with body) : Franklin Dyall and Bernard Lee

Right : long-lost daughter and father : Rosalyn Boulter and H. R. Hignett

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

OBJECTING strongly to being flogged with a 25-ft. rawhide bull-whip by Mr. Akim Tamiroff, some of Hollywood's toughest heroes, including Mr. Bickford and Mr. Naish, turned down a new Cecil B. de Mille film-script before Mr. Donlevy finally had the guts to take on the job, which certainly isn't everybody's tea, and points to a pretty restless state of mind among the script boys. Before long (if this continues) they 'll be casually producing scripts in which film-stars are seen boiled by cannibals, or given the Thousand Cuts by Chinese brigands, and we doubt if many of the topliners would agree to that. Possibly the heroes' attitude towards that bull-whip was partly social. Not to object strongly might—who knows ?—imply that one was accustomed to being flogged by sahibs for speaking lightly of a woman's name, and worse. In America this ritual can still be carried out, owing to the wide open spaces, whereas in Mayfair, as we briefly hinted some time ago, cads are sitting pretty nowadays, the smallness of the modern luxury flat making this exercise impossible even with the ordinary horsewhip sahibs use, let alone a 25-ft. rawhide. We did hear that you can now buy miniature or telescopic horsewhips in Piccadilly. Designed specially in rhinoceros-hide for flogging cads in rooms 6 ft. by 8 ft. by 4 ft., they are the invention of a Major attached to the Sports Dept. of one of the large stores. But even then there 's not much room for the cad to writhe and plead in.

So cads are getting rather uppity, and we recently heard of one who, after taking his richly-deserved punishment for doing some sweet woman wrong, sold her avenger a vacuum-cleaner. "Trade," said this cad simply, "follows the Flog."

Racket

WE were diverted to see Howard Spring giving the current detective novel a salutary crack on the nozzle in the *Evening Standard* the other day. For showing up the machinery of a recent best-selling opus, he was chastened by the secretary of the Detection Club as rigorously as (or, possibly, more rigorously than) if he 'd said Shakespeare was all bunk. In reply to which Mr. Spring, impenitent, waded stoutly into the whole racket, claiming that 90 per cent. of it is mechanical, badly-written tosh, fit only (he averred) for the illiterate majority who devour it. The growing vastness of this majority, as Auntie *Times* recently hinted, is pretty alarming. Addicts of the crime-novel hardly ever read anything else, but take it like dope ; among them, chaps tell us, several leading politicians, whose muzzy state of mind is thereby explained. You 'll say that this league of morons has a perfect right to dip a cretinous nose into the sort of stuff it likes, but that 's what you *would* say. What matters is that, by reason of this racket, to a large extent, the half-dozen or so British authors (count 'em—six) who are writing good English to-day can hardly make a living ; and we don't mean prigs and highbrows, we mean chaps and girls who can tell a rattling good story. What also matters—correct us if wrong—is that the Island Race, not very hot at mental exercise at the best of times, can't afford to grow much more dopey. People are beginning to notice it.

Fist

THAT C.B.E. recently awarded "for services to calligraphy" to Mr. Edward Johnston, who designed the Underground's lettering, is still puzzling masses of chaps who received an expensive education. Handwriting like twists and sprigs of barbed wire after a severe barrage, and totally illegible—surely that is the ideal for which every decently-educated British citizen with social consciousness strives ? Some of the Liberal Professions safeguard this ideal more jealously than others. Doctors, for example, can be hauled up before the G.M.C. for writing a legible prescription and thereby giving away holy trade secrets to the vulgar. Dons develop a tiny crabbed malignant hand very like their souls, and resembling a sound-photograph of the charawkings of a gravelled hen (always excepting Mr. Blunden of Merton, who writes a lovely, hieratic, almost mediæval script, and is undonnish in a score more ways also). Artists are generally too proud and wealthy or poor and misunderstood to write properly, except Mr. Aubrey Hammond, who affects a large black cursive of great clarity, and Big Business emperors generally sign themselves with just a capital "N," for "Napoleon," or else an "X," which is easy alike to write and to read.

"There 's something wrong here—according to this you 're going to play left back for Chelsea next Saturday"

Vegetarians, oddly enough, are keen on copper-plate handwriting, we gathered some years ago from a pamphlet on the subject by Eustace Miles, M.A., who was, or seemed to be, extremely proud of his flowing clerkly hand. Maybe abstaining from flesh-meat (which heats the blood, degrades the intellect, and stirs the baser passions) makes it possible and even pleasurable to devote a lot of time to forming careful upstrokes and downstrokes, accurately crossing "t's" and dotting "i's," and being conscientious about the loops of "y's" and "f's." Maybe the reason our own scrawl was once so degraded was that we were crammed with roast meat and Burgundy at the time, as often as not. We were genuinely ashamed of it, believing those chaps to be right who hold that it 's discourteous and anti-social to write illegible letters, however much you may wish subtly to emphasise your superior social status. So we ultimately gave up writing (and especially answering) letters altogether, like the French, and the change has done everyone concerned a lot of good.

"Congratulations, madam—your Johnny 's won the cup !"

Crack

OBSERVING with a glaucous eye that Mr. William Hickey recently credited Walter Winchell, Broadway's enfant terrible, with that crack about men of "high principle and no interest," which crack, unless our feeble and ageing memory damnably misleads us, was uttered in our ear in a Fleet Street pub by the late T. Michael Pope in or about the year 1921, long before Winchell began—observing this, we fell musing on the bad luck of certain of the wits. They deserve it, of course. They scatter their pearls with lavish indifference and think no more about it; and in due course other people pick them up and annex them. Or they are automatically attributed to some wit in the public eye, who would be the first to disclaim it, with all due modesty. Naturally, certain mots carry the unchallengeable hall-mark of their creator. No connoisseur could fail instantly to distinguish a vintage Belloc specimen, for example, from a vintage Dorothy Parker, a Chesterton, an E. V. Lucas, a Benchley, a Lady Oxford, a Rose Macaulay, or an Oscar Wilde. But there are a certain number (pretty small) of chaps about town who produce jests at intervals which might easily be mistaken for anything by any of the masters, and if they 're like Michael Pope they never trouble to copyright them. Pope's method was to mumble some brilliant thing confidentially from one corner of his mouth as he lifted his tankard, not caring a dump if it was heard or not. We often urged him to print such things for the uplifting and solace of the human race. He never did, and about the only thing universally attributed to him to-day is a famous mot, unreproducible here, by Mr. Hannen Swaffer.

It would be interesting to trace that Winchell jape from Fleet Street to Broadway. It 's quite possible, of course, that Mr. Winchell invented it independently. This also occurs, to the great annoyance of many.

Hop

THE curious history of "The Lambeth Walk," which began as just another number in a stop-gap musical show of indifferent appeal at a remote theatre, and has now swept the globe, seems to have reached a climax by being danced the other night by 3000 Soviet Army officers welcoming the New Year in Stalin's presence at the Kremlin. (If you want Russian dancing nowadays, you get it at Monte Carlo or Sadler's Wells.) This seems to us even more interesting in a mild way than the part this tune played in last autumn's crisis, when a lyrical gentleman and/or spinster wrote to the *Times* saying he 'd just seen it danced in a Swiss hotel by people of three or four nationalities, none of whom attacked the others, so why couldn't everybody be friends? It also seems to us one more melancholy bit of evidence of the world's increasing mediocrity and mechanisation and the slow but sure stamping out of everything that once made human beings vivid and distinct from each other. For "The Lambeth Walk" may be attractive, but the myriad native dances of Russia (or any other country) are a hundred times more so, expressing the sentiments of a folk in its own music and idiom, vigorous, haunting, bizarre, and often beautiful, like those ancient Cossack songs which are probably equally giving way to the latest commercial negroid rubbish from the swamps of Broadway.

It isn't so criminal a change in this country, where our national dances have never been anything to make a song about. The finest English national dance we 've ever personally witnessed was danced by an inebriated Cabinet Minister in a club cloak-room. It derived partly from the Breton trihorry, partly from ice-skating, partly from "Here We Come Gathering Nuts in May," and mostly from Pol Roger '04, and whenever we view pale, earnest, well-educated ladies all over bells and gillyflowers dancing "Lumps o' Muck" or "Gumbleton's Hey," we long to infuse into their conscientious labours the same joie-de-vivre.

Stinks Dept.

PROFESSOR JAMES GRAY did not err very damnably when he described scientists as simple-minded fellows at a Cambridge scientific conference the other day. "Naïve" is just how we should describe the one or two scientific chaps we know intimately; nice, primary chaps, like big children, sceptical on principle of everything they can't get into a test-tube, and, like most materialists, credulous and very easily fooled. But (we 'll say this for 'em) not generally arrogant. They were, a generation or so ago, stamping and swaggering about like a lot of spectacled Prussian N.C.O.'s, but to-day's earthshaking discovery has so often turned out of late to be to-morrow's laugh that they 're getting more humble. Also, we doubt if the populace reveres them now as it did fifty years or more ago, when scientists were practically gods—even mathematicians—and the leading booksy boys and girls were cashing in on their whimsies like mad, Zola, for example, sticking into the Rougon-Macquart series that romantic theory of heredity, long since a flop, like so many others. Naïve is the word for the booksy world also: at least, the only word we can think of which the Editor is likely to pass.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I don't know whether you 've noticed it, but the old man doesn't seem to place much confidence in the ship"

Films of the Day

The Mixture as Previously

By George Campbell

I LIKE Sam Goldwyn, I admire Merle Oberon, and I think Gary Cooper is (or used to be) terrific; but truth will out. *The Cowboy and the Lady* is as synthetic and second-rate a concoction as ever reached these shores. Can't you see the Old Master's mind massively turning over? Gary Cooper's greatest successes were in Western roles, like *The Virginian* and *The Plainsman*, weren't they? Then let's get him back to his native Montana ("Roll Along," etc.). Didn't he make a hit in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*? Then let's have the prairie philosopher turn up at a dinner of political bigwigs and humble their pride with a homespun homily about the folly of pride, or Did Abe Lincoln Wear a White Tie Back in Illinois?

Throw in Merle Oberon for the boys to gaze at and some sex conflict for the girls to titter over, and you have all the ingredients supposed to guarantee a knock-out at the box-office. I say "supposed," because, in actual fact, most of the really memorable successes, like *Ben Hur*, *The Big Parade*, *Beau Geste*, *Bengal Lancer* and *Mutiny on the Bounty* were singularly short of glamour girls and had practically no love-story at all.

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY" is *Cinderella* in reverse. Miss Oberon, daughter of a wealthy politician from the East, finds herself at a Rodeo, and passes herself off on the unsuspecting cowboy as a lady's maid. The freedom with which she makes use of her mistress's frocks and champagne might have made him suspicious; but possibly American maids are like that. Anyway, he falls for her, and, when she tells him she was only having a good time, rebukes her levity by throwing her in a swimming-pool. Naturally she adores him for this, and after pursuing him aboard a little coastal steamer, wears him down. At three o'clock in the morning the amorous but clean-living cowboy gets the skipper to perform the marriage service, just in time to make him an honest man.

Naturally she is now afraid to tell him the truth, knowing as she does that when a young man finds his wife is unexpectedly rich he invariably develops an acute misery and leaves her. Anyway, on stage and screen. The climax is reached when she goes home to help her father out with a political dinner designed to lift him right into the White House, and the dignified hilarity is cut short by the appearance of a gaunt stranger in cowboy rig, flaying them for snobbish pride and downright bad manners—wherein he has a pretty sound case, I thought. Back home on the range he is going around in a very unhappy frame of mind indeed, when who should turn up but——. But I must not give away a dénouement which came as a sensational surprise to everybody in the house except the audience.

Is Mr. Cooper going off? In *The Cowboy and the Lady* his acting is a trifle mechanical, his movements lack their usual flowing grace, and his tight range garb shows up the defects in his abnormally thin figure. For the first of these the story is probably to blame. The sooner he gets away from sexy comedies like *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, *Marco Polo* and *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and reverts to the sort of thing he did so magnificently in *The Plainsman*, *Bengal Lancer* and *Souls at Sea*, the better it will be for his fame, not exactly augmented by recent roles.

WHILE there is not much in *I Am the Law* that you haven't seen before, Columbia have made quite an enjoyable dish of the old ingredients; and it is well served up by Edward G. Robinson, Otto Kruger and (of all people) Wendy Barrie, as an American gun-moll. The basic idea is one that has been exploited by Harold Lloyd and others in farce. When experienced district attorneys and detectives fail to suppress crime, the job is given to the least suitable person in sight—an academic professor of law, whose absence of mind is surprisingly revealed by his habit of putting lighted pipes in his pocket. His investigations ("in line of duty") require him to do the "Big Apple" with Miss Barrie, and try other interesting experiments of a socio-criminological nature, including an attempt to beat up three desperadoes single-handed. I will not insult your intelligence by informing you who comes out on top.

WITH *The Mad Miss Manton* we are still falling over murder at every turn; but this time the note is still lighter. It is, in fact, practically crazy comedy with corpses. When the police, according to film convention, cannot trail a muddy pup across a white bed, the feather-headed heroine always can. This time she is Barbara Stanwyck, enjoying a holiday from the mother roles in which she had to pine and yearn like anything; and the young man is Henry Fonda, a good actor if somewhat melancholy. The twists are ingenious and the dialogue lively, and of its kind, the story isn't at all bad entertainment.

IF *I Am the Law* and *The Mad Miss Manton* are typical Hollywood, *The Gaunt Stranger* is as typically a product of the Edgar Wallace school, with its master-criminal, its comic Cockney old lag, its pure-minded maiden, and its erring brother sent down by the villainous fence's cunning.

It may leave you wondering about one or two details—how the master-criminal can be sure of fusing the lights with the top of a medicine bottle, for instance; and how, when it is too dark for people to see him, he can see well enough to thrust a sword through the fence, and whether a man rushed off in an ambulance can rely on the attendants covering his face with a blanket. This last is a practical question the answer to which should be known to every citizen not already defunct before accepting the offer of a ride.

But these are academic matters, in no way affecting the merit of a thriller well up to the average Wallace standard. Walter Forde directed for Michael Balcon.

"The Mad Miss Manton"

The editor of a big journal, the fly-by-night deb and the police-officer who can't see fingerprints on a goldfish bowl—these are the stock characters played by Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck and Sam Levene in the Carlton Cinema's film, described here by our critic as crazy comedy with corpses

Anthony

The Film Mrs. Chips: Greer Garson

The red hair and green eyes of Greer Garson, proved photogenic by television, meet the film camera for the first time on M.-G.-M.'s lot at Denham. Although the actress went to Hollywood on contract after Louis Mayer saw her in *Old Music*, an illness prevented her from filming there. Now she plays Constance Cummings' stage part in the film of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Scholastic atmosphere will not come strange to her for, though her stage reputation is one for empty-headed, amoral beauties, she is a graduate of London and Grenoble, was meant to be a schoolteacher by her parents. Nor will Robert Donat be new to schools as Mr. Chips, for he married a teacher in *The Citadel*. Greer Garson is Co. Down by birth; her first name is a corruption of McGregor

"Bystander" Short Story No. 174

Americana : by Sally Benson

A Short Series of Penetrating Sidelights on American Life and Character

No. 2—My Cup Runneth Over

Illustrations by Archie Savory

Mrs. Wallace always set the alarm-clock for seven o'clock. There was no need for her to do this because, living alone as she did, she could have slept until nine or even ten if she liked. But the days were never long enough for the things she had to do, and, too, getting up at a decent hour kept her from growing soft.

That morning, when the alarm rang, she reached for the clock on the small table by the day bed and shut it off. Then she settled back luxuriously on her pillow, pressing her delicate bones gratefully into the warm softness of the bed. For a few minutes she lay with her eyes half-opened, lazily contemplating the square, sunny room which, with its little kitchen, was her home. The plants on their shelf by the window looked fresh and green and she could see the dusty blue of the ageratum, the generous blooms of the pansies, and the bright, decided pink of the geraniums. The ends of crisp, white-dotted Swiss curtains fluttered in the breeze from the open window, and the noise from the street below had not yet settled into a steady hum but had a sharp, staccato, early-morning sound. She sat up, pushing back the sheet and the yellow, worn blanket, and fished about on the floor with her feet until she found her rose-coloured felt slippers with the silk pom-poms. Her feet were slim and white, with delicate blue veins, and the skin on her ankles showed the crinkled lines of age.

To-day, outside the apartment door, in addition to the usual pint of milk and *New York Times*, there was a half-pint of cream. For this was Mrs. Crosby's day to come for lunch. Usually Mrs. Wallace carried the bottle of milk to the kitchen, where she carefully poured the top of the bottle into a squat cream pitcher, but on Wednesdays, Mrs. Crosby's day, she allowed herself the luxury of real cream for her breakfast coffee. It was amazing how she and Mrs. Crosby could finish off the bottle of cream—generous splashes of it in their luncheon tea, and later, when they came back from the pictures, more generous splashes in their afternoon coffee.

Mrs. Wallace dressed for breakfast. For one thing, she was not comfortable without the corsets which bound her slender body, and for another she could not seem to get used to pottering about the kitchen in a dressing-gown. It made her feel shiftless. So, after putting the milk and cream on ice, she put her coffee on to boil and pattered to the bathroom, where she unbraided her thinning white hair and placed the rubber band that held the ends into a china hair receiver on the bathroom shelf.

She ate her breakfast sitting in the sun in front of the window: four slices of perfectly-done toast, strawberry jam and two cups of strong, hot coffee. From time to time she glanced at the headlines in the morning paper. She never opened it beyond the first page, although, out of some sort of respect for the printed word, she carefully saved the first sections for a whole week. The second section she used each day to line the garbage-pail.

After she had eaten she turned down her bed to air and washed her breakfast dishes. From her desk she took the letter she had written the night before to her oldest grandson, Bobbie, in Chicago. She read it once more to the very end: "Be a dear, good little boy, and thank you again for sending me the lovely book, which is very funny indeed." She enclosed a dollar in the letter and sealed it. The book he had sent her a paper-backed pamphlet of *One Hundred Jokes Compiled by a Jolly Bartender*, she put away in the book-shelves which stood behind the door.

The sight of the small roll of bills in her pocket-book made her think sharply and gratefully of her husband, Frank—Frank, who, bearing the burden of a wife and four children, school bills, doctor and dentist bills, summer holidays, had never once failed to pay the premiums on his insurance, so that when he died she had received ten thousand dollars to do with as she liked. She smiled a little, remembering the horror the children had shown when she had refused to invest the money and had stated flatly and definitely that she intended to spend it for her living expenses. Bob had exclaimed, "But when it's gone!" And she had answered, "When it's gone there will be time enough to worry. Besides, I will probably be gone before it is. In the meantime, I'll have a little something."

They could not be expected to understand the feeling of independence it gave her to have her own place, the sunny room with the kitchen and bath, or the air of freedom she had when she allowed herself such small treats as an occasional matinée, a movie, or a pecan roll from the bakery. She loved marketing for her modest meals, pricing things in the Madison Avenue shops and then wandering triumphantly over to Third Avenue, where the very same things were to be had for so much less. Living the way she did, carefully and yet freely, it seemed that the money would last for ever.

(*Concluded on page* viii)

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"See How They Fly"

A Splendid Exhibition at Shell-Mex House of the History, Principles and Functions of Aviation

o Blériot, as shown in nine pictures below

Visitors *at the opening of the Shell-Mex aviation exhibition in the Strand included (above) Sq.-Ldr. Clauston and Miss Jean Batten, standing beside a globe of world air routes; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard Fairey (right) looking at an historical exhibit. The show, run by Shell's lively publicity department, was designed and executed by Barnet Freedman and James Gardner under the technical supervision of Nigel Tangye*

Eyston and Cobb, *the two rival speed kings of the earth, were two more visitors to the opening of the Shell-Mex exhibition of speed in the air*

6. ***John Stringfellow*** *was the first man to launch a successful power-driven (steam) aeroplane, which he did in a shed in 1848*

7. ***Sir Hiram Maxim*** *went one better than Stringfellow in power, also unfortunately in weight. Driven by a compound steam engine, his machine was claimed to have flown 450 yards, but was, on the whole, a failure, like Ader's model (right background). Steam proved incompatible with the power-weight ratio*

8. ***First controlled flight*** *was made by the Wright brothers, on Dec. 17th, 1903, who powered a successful glider with the newly invented internal combustion engine. In 1908, the Wright machine covered a hundred miles*

9. ***Blériot*** *responded to the "Daily Mail's" offer of £1000 for a Channel flight with an airscrew tractor machine, which landed at Dover from France in 1909. Latham's machine (on ground) failed*

Cannons

The Lady Lyell

The Lyells were married last July, spent most of their autumn at home in Scotland — which is Kinnordy House in Angus—and have now taken a London flat in Cumberland Mansions. Lady Lyell was Sophie Trafford and is the second of the three daughters of Major and Lady Betty Trafford, of Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, and a cousin of the Earl of Abingdon. She is a very keen ski-er. Lord Lyell, who will be twenty-six this year, is the second baron, and succeeded his grandfather in 1926

of Hollywood

The Lady Ebury

Lady Ebury married Lord Ebury in 1933 when he was nineteen and she was twenty-one, a year after he had succeeded his father as fifth baron. She was Anne Acland-Troyte, and is the daughter of Major H. W. Acland-Troyte. They have two sons, Francis Egerton Grosvenor and Robert Victor Grosvenor, who will be five and three this year. They live at Kingston Bagpuize House in Berkshire. Lord Ebury's only sister is Viscountess Harcourt

Longford Castle, near Salisbury, is one of the great houses of Wiltshire

The Radnors at Home

The Earl and Countess of Radnor and their six children have lived at Longford Castle since 1930, when Lord Radnor succeeded his father as seventh Earl. Big families are in the Pleydell-Bouverie tradition; Lord Radnor himself has four brothers and five sisters. His youngest brother Peter married the former Mrs. James Field last autumn and is now in America with her for three months. Lord Radnor owns Glenshirra Lodge, Laggan, in Inverness-shire, as well as Longford Castle, is Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Cornwall and Devon, and Rider and Master Forester of Dartmoor. More prosaically, he is a director of the Southern Railway. Lady Radnor was Helena Adeane before her 1922 marriage, and is the daughter of Charles R. W. Adeane, of Babraham Hall, Cambridge. She takes a leading part in Wiltshire life as hostess, as joint-M.F.H., and in such locally important events as the huge historical pageant held last summer at Longford Castle in aid of the Salisbury Infirmary

Photographs by Swaebe

The Earl of Radnor has six children: four daughters—Lady Jane, Lady Belinda, Lady Phœbe and Lady Harriot Pleydell-Bouverie, and two sons—Viscount Folkestone and the Hon. Reuben Pleydell-Bouverie

The two eldest Pleydell-Bouverie girls, here playing darts with their mother, and dressed and hair-dressed exactly alike, are Lady Jane and Lady Belinda; they will be sixteen and fourteen this year

The Countess of Radnor is joint-Master, with Major A. E. Phillips, of the Wilton, the hunt founded by the fourth Earl in 1869. Her hunters are Forshane and Happy Day

Heir to the Radnor titles and properties is eleven-year-old Viscount Folkestone, whose Christian name is Jacob and whose shaggy pony is called Daisy

Youngest daughter and younger son are three-year-old Lady Harriot and eight-year-old Reuben, photographed with a hound in the stable-yard

Baron

Dr. A. J. Cronin, the Novelist

It is nine years since Dr. Archibald Joseph Cronin decided, at thirty-four, "to give up medicine, follow natural bent, and devote himself to literature." In those nine years he has succeeded so well in the switch of his life's track that he is one of the best-known novelists of the day: his first publication, *Hatter's Castle*, was an immediate success; he followed it with three not so successful books, then put the seal on his reputation with *The Citadel*, the fine M.-G.-M. film of which will earn him more admirers (and more money) in fields his book never touched. His newest novel, *Enchanted Snow*, is now being serialised in the *Daily Mail*. Cronin was educated at Glasgow, served as Surgeon-Sub-Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. during the war, had a general practice in South Wales, published a report on dust inhalation in hæmatite mines, practised in London for four years before giving up medicine — much of which will be familiar to *Citadel* readers. He is now forty-two, has a doctor wife and three children, lives in Sussex, but likes to travel

Gentlemen!

your Johnnie Walker—

In the stately homes of England, Johnnie Walker is very much at home. In the most distinguished circles this fine whisky takes its place, as to the Manor born. For there is an aristocracy among Scotch whiskies. And only the very finest of them—*all* the very finest of them—mellowed and matured by time and blended with traditional skill, are assembled in every bottle of Johnnie Walker.

"Thanks a lot—"

WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE IS THE MAN'S CIGARETTE THAT WOMEN LIKE

Gardener's Chronicle

By R. C. Jenkinson

A new series of articles for the victims—always increasing in number—of the happiest of obsessions

Two Barberries

I WAS, last week, in the middle of describing a little plantation of winter cherry, prunus serrula tibetica, with acer griseum and white-stemmed bramble. Of the two barberries to go into it, berberis dictyophylla grows about eight feet high, a graceful, arching mass of shoots, which should be treated in the same way, though perhaps less drastically, as the white bramble. The foliage is silvery—I speak only of the best form—and turns to lovely soft salmon and warm orange. The fruit is rosy, covered by glaucous bloom, and the stems of the year are snow-white. It goes amongst my six best berberis, and so does the next, B. sieboldii, which I shall plant as a scalloped edging to its taller sister and the rubus clumps. It only grows about a couple of feet tall, spreading slowly by suckers. Its egg-shaped leaves are splashed with bronze in spring and turn, November-time, to burnished copper or vermilion.

Trees: Harmony and Contrast

THE reader will, if he has borne with me so far, see that I rate shape as of equal value with colour, in arranging a garden. Just as we take care to arrange colours either in harmony or strong contrast, so also must we consider the shape of trees and shrubs. I know an allée, seen from a sitting-room window, rising up a gentle slope between Scots pine. At the end, over the crown of the slope, the vista is closed by pines. It would, I submit, be entirely wrong to plant humped bushes or trees, like cotoneaster, berberis stenophylla or may on the mound where the allée ends. I have set there various narrow, columnar conifers of different tones of green and grey, particularly cupressus arizonica glauca, a lovely silvery species from Arizona, perfectly hardy in this country and suitable either for a woodland setting such as I have described, or for a formal garden.

These fastigiate trees, whether good species or sports from a type, such as the fastigiate oak, cannot be too highly valued. They break up the dullness of a flat garden; planted on the slopes of a valley, they give point and importance to a knoll or promontory; they give height and beauty to the skyline of a low hill, to mention only three uses. There are several such trees: cupressus in all shades of green and silver, libocedrus decurrens—the "incense cedar" from Chile, a perfect column of rich green, not more than four feet across, although about seventy feet tall—fastigiate forms of oak, beech and hornbeam—the avenue of the former at Sans Souci is classic—Lombardy poplar, and the erect Japanese cherry, Ama-No-Gawa, or "Milky Way," a most appropriate name. This last is the finest of all vertical flowering trees; in early May a pillar of semi-double light pink flowers. It will grow up to about twenty-five feet by five feet through, can be used either formally or at intervals in shrub borders and is very lovely used with prunus subhirtella pendula, or, indeed, any weeping tree. The narrow spires of Ama-No-Gawa spurting up amongst the weeping branches of its neighbour, especially against a dark background, make a notable picture whenever seen, and this is all too rare.

John Everard

The slender aspiring poplar plays the same decorative part in the pattern of a countryside as the many columnar trees and shrubs that can be used in the smaller landscape of a garden

Weeping Trees

JUST as certain trees throw upright sports, so do they weep. Ash, beech, elm, willow, mulberry, holly, cherry, all have their weeping forms. Often one sees them used as specimens on a lawn; that is not their only use. Anyone who has walked along the "Backs" at Cambridge—and there is no lovelier walk in England—will recall the weeping willows along the river. On the promontory of a lake or pool a tree of any size can be chosen to suit the particular position, from a six-foot pendulous maple to a sixty-foot weeping ash. The beech is so big and spreading that it needs a large area all to itself to display its full beauty. The great specimen illustrated a fortnight ago is some sixty feet tall, with a diameter of forty-four yards. Whenever the branches have touched the ground they have taken root, to throw skywards subsidiary pinnacles. The mulberry and holly both make not very tall, rather stiff weepers, and are admirable as centre pieces in the rectanglar plots of a formal garden, or long borders; the latter is the best evergreen weeper I know, especially when the long pendant branches are wreathed in scarlet berries.

Pyrus salicifolia pendula, the willow-leaved pear, is particularly lovely with white flowers and silver leaves: it will grow some thirty feet high and there is no better host for clematis jackmanii, which will go up and out through the silver curtain of the pear, to fall down and make a purple and silver waterfall in July and August, and for May, clematis montana rubens will do the same thing in pink. There is a new double white weeping peach, prunus persica alba pendula, which in April cannot be beaten, It is neat enough to be planted in a large rock-garden, where the fall of the peach branches should be continued by dwarf cotoneasters, conspicua, microphylla or thymifolia, with tiny leaves and scarlet or pink fruit.

The weeping cherries are equally effective in this sort of position, but they, like the peach, may also go elsewhere. There is a wonderful avenue near Ascot of P. subhirtella pendula, whose branches in April or early May are smothered by little pale pink buds which open into single white flowers, an inch across. There is a deep pink-flowered form of this which will be just as popular when it is better known.

Last, but not least of the weepers, comes P. serrulata Kiku-Shidari, better known as "Cheal's weeping" or "Shidari-Zakura." Its proper name means "weeping chrysanthemum," and is so apt that, apart from its correctness, it should always be used. By proper staking it can be trained up to a height of twenty feet or more, whence the branches will fall straight down, to be covered their length in May by double pink flowers like little pompom chrysanthemums. I think all these pendulous trees are more beautiful if they are kept for a few years to a single leader, so that they can ultimately display their true habit from a reasonable height

• KANDERSTEG

Herr Rudolf Diesel, son of the famous German inventor, and Mrs. Redvers Drummond, wife of the President of the Malaya A.A., are with Herr Trog, proprietor of Kandersteg's Schweizerhof Hotel

Two well-known ski-guides are the Ogis, Kilian and Adolf. Kilian Ogi has won the great fifty-kilometre race for four years

This Kandersteg trio are Renée Stein, Roger Moreton Frewen, Hon. Attaché at the British Legation in Berne, and Barbara Stern. She is the debutante daughter of Mrs. Bertie Stern

Swiss Snow Season

In the Bernese Oberland

Joan Clifford, daughter of Mr. Justice Clifford, of Oxford, was off on a Kandersteg luge-ing party

Joan Alexander and Pamela Mocatta, who both went to Kandersteg from Heathfield, in Sussex, wore neatly belted suits, and the inescapable head-kerchiefs on that dull and snowy day

A coy couple of Kandersteg decorations were Jean Martineau and Monica Forbes, who posed holding hands on a snowy slope near the village

• ADELBODEN

Odette Lees, the British skater, gave an exhibition on the Adelboden rink. There has been plenty of snow there, and it was still falling when the picture was taken

Through a real sugar-icing landscape, stuck here and there with pine-trees, this string of buses was taking ski-ers from Adelboden up to the high-level fields at Hahnenmoos

The sleigh-riders on the right are a pair of American sub-debs from a Paris finishing school, Barbara Dale Williams, of Philadelphia, and Cynthia Burrage, of Boston. They both go home to make their debut next year

Diana Simon is another crack English skater at Adelboden who doesn't let a snowstorm keep her off the rink. With her is Otto Hugin, the Swiss expert

Like a lifeboat breasting a vast wave, with its flag defiantly flying, the Adelboden luge-funi carries its load up towards Hahnenmoos

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"I could do pretty good at a Conference meself, with a bunch of these be'ind me chair"

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The President's Putter, 1939

JOHN O. H. GREENLY, who played for Oxford in 1935 and 1936, won the President's Putter this year by defeating, in the final, D. H. R. Martin, the winner of 1934 and the runner-up of 1937, by the large margin, for an eighteen-holes match, of four holes up and three holes to play.

When writing about golf matches in knock-out tournaments, it always appears best to me to put the cart before the horse and start by writing something about the final, and then working back and mentioning the winner's narrow escapes, if any, in the earlier rounds. And I may say that there are, indeed, few golfers who have ever come through a match-play tournament of importance without at the very least one extremely narrow escape.

When the final started, there were very few who desired to invest half-a-crown on the chance of the winner. Martin had won in 1934, when he produced the best golf I have ever seen played by an amateur, and was only beaten on the nineteenth green by John Beck in the final of 1937; so, on the score of experience, he certainly had a big advantage. What is more, Martin appears to be a very much better match-player at Rye than anywhere else, and even the playing conditions were decidedly in his favour. After the filthy weather which had been experienced just previous to the tournament, it was natural that there was little run on the ball, conditions which you would expect Martin, who pitches extremely well and who hits long carries from the tee, to revel in.

However, the play did not go according to Cocker by any means. Greenly appeared to keep up with Martin from the tee without exerting himself unduly. Greenly takes the club back about as far as Henry Cotton, and gets his length and straightness by a very full follow-through and perfect balance. If Martin hoped that Greenly would be frightened of him, his hopes were very soon dashed to the ground, and at the beginning of the match it was Martin, and not Greenly, who was struggling.

Greenly was two up on the sixth tee, and might at this stage have been four up, as he should have won the second, and Martin only got a very hard half at the fifth by playing a fine recovery shot and then holing a good putt. Martin now pulled himself together, won the sixth, failed to deal with a stymie at the seventh, when he had a putt for the hole, and then squared the match by winning the eighth (with a left-hand wind, one of the best one-shot holes in the world) in three.

THE ninth had, I am sure, a very considerable bearing on the final result. Martin was through the green in two, and Greenly, who had played a lovely pitch, about eight feet off the pin in the same number of strokes. Martin chipped up about six feet from the hole, and then Greenly's putt for a certain win in three went into the hole and out again, and laid his opponent a dead and difficult stymie, which he failed to negotiate. This hole seemed to knock all the stuffing out of Martin, who must have been disappointed to find himself again one down, in spite of his gallant recovery. You may say that it was very bad luck for Martin, but what about Greenly? He had played the hole much better than his opponent, and been decidedly unlucky to see his putt for a win go into the hole and out again, even if it was struck a shade too boldly (what a good fault!). Besides, it was by no means certain that Martin would have holed his putt if Greenly's ball had not been in the way.

Greenly from here on gave nothing away, and in spite of losing the twelfth to a great three, was three up and five to go. Martin had his last chance at the short fourteenth, where he surprisingly missed a shortish putt for a win. At the fifteenth Greenly played a very fine, long, spoon shot, and won the hole in four, and the right to attach one of his golf balls to the club with which Hugh Kirkaldy won the Open Championship.

Greenly hugs the left of the course with his tee shots, and this type of shot is extremely profitable at many holes at Rye, especially when the wind is blowing on your back. During the whole tournament, I never saw Greenly, even when the wind was blowing very strongly on his back, slice a shot or allow the wind to carry one away to the right; I am sure that his holding of the ball up into a left-hand wind was very largely responsible for his success. He is the third Old Carthusian to win the Putter.

AFTER any golf tournament there are always numerous hard-luck stories, and this one was no exception to the rule.

We must all sympathise with Tolley, who, after having an easy journey to the semi-final, had to scratch to Greenly, after playing five holes, owing to an attack of lumbago. Nevertheless, do not believe anyone who may tell you that Tolley was certain to have won this match if it had been played: it is very far from the truth.

John Beck was also extremely unlucky to lose his match against W. C. Carr. Carr holed a long putt to save his neck on the last green, and won the first extra hole, which was the tenth, in an extraordinary way. He topped his tee and the ball went a very short way into a rut in the road, from where he gave it a vicious stab with an iron, which sent it just to the right of the green, from where he got down in a chip and a putt to win the hole in four from a man who played the most perfect of tee shots to within a kick of the green. Beck's run-up found a soft spot in the frozen ground, and finished just on the green, very short, and he then took three putts, a very sad ending to a good match. Carr is lucky that the tenth hole has been changed; the old tenth hole did not allow such liberties to be taken with it.

Sir Harold Gillies, who is not quite so young as he used to be, has every reason to be satisfied with his performances; he beat the Oxford captain on the nineteenth green, and was only beaten by the Champion of the Army and Wales on the seventeenth; fine performances for a man who has played little golf of late.

Changing Weather Characterised the President's Putter Tournament at Rye

John Greenly, here with his fourth-round victim, W. C. Carr, won the right to hang a ball on the President's Putter in the Oxford and Cambridge G.S.'s tournament at Rye

D. H. R. Martin was Greenly's victim in the final of the President's Putter: like the winner, he is an old Oxford Blue. In the fourth round he beat J. S. O. Haslewood, on the right here

Cyril Tolley beat Anthony Duncan by 3 and 2 in the fifth round. In the semi-final he had to retire at the fifth hole, when one up on Greenly, owing to an attack of lumbago

Swiss Snow Season

St. Moritz : Davos : Klosters : Grindelwald

American Cresta rider *Alexis Thompson (a beginner who won the Novices' Cup last year) was second to C. B. Holland Moritz in the Baroness Oertzen Cup. Later the same day he had a crash and was considerably bruised. His wife was Anne St. George. They live in New York*

Bobsleigh riders *are a brother and sister pair, Peter and Joan Fleetwood-Hesketh. They are the second son and second daughter of Charles Fleetwood-Hesketh, Lord of the Manor of North Meols in Lancashire. The Fleetwood-Hesketh family own a great deal of property in and around Blackpool*

Cresta spectators *were Ninette Heaton, sister of Cresta rider Jack Heaton, and Helga Viedermeier. The Heaton Gold Cup was won last week by W. A. R. Keddie, an astonishingly fast beginner, who won the Novices' Cup this year in record time*

Woollen gloves, *very fashionable in Klosters, are all right if you don't fall down much. Rupert Gerrard and Jean Royle wear them, anyhow. He is the elder son of Col. Charles Gerrard, of Harrock House, Buxted, Sussex. She comes from Bracknell, Berks., is the late John Royle's daughter*

Hermione Cassel *wears those gloves too. She is Sir Felix Cassel's elder daughter, and a cousin of Lady Louis Mountbatten. Is staying at the Silvretta at Klosters*

Guinevere Brodrick, *also at Klosters, also in patterned gloves, was sitting on the running-board of Captain Cunningham Reid's car. She is the daughter of Lady Dunsford by her first marriage*

Lady Rose Paget, *here talking to Valerian Wellesley, has been ski-ing at Klosters, where the snow has been perfect except where the crowds have worn it to ice, a report common to most Swiss resorts. So is the delightfully terse "brilliant sunshine, frost average"*

***Elizabeth Wellesley** is another Klosters ski-er, sister of Valerian Wellesley. Their father, Lord Gerald Wellesley, has just published a new book; he is the Duke of Wellington's brother*

***Honeymooners** at Davos are Lord and Lady George Scott, who had an enormous St. Margaret's, Westminster, wedding ten days before Christmas. He is the Duke of Buccleuch's youngest brother, and in the 10th Hussars. She was Molly Bishop*

***Ski-race winner** at Grindelwald was Robert Readhead (left), photographed with his cup and Arnold Lunn, whose name has made ski-ing history. Readhead won the Duke of Kent's Cup from 116 other racers of four nationalities, running his four kilometres in 4 min. 27·2 sec. Second was Francioli (Swiss); third, Palmer Tompkinson (British). Readhead captained Oxford last year, is now in the 12th Lancers*

***Skating regular** at St. Moritz. is Viscount Dunmore (left), who cuts his figures morning and afternoon on the Kulm rink. He is sixty-seven*

***Another winner** at Grindelwald was Phillipa Harrison (right, in the dark coat), who won the women's section of the international ski-race for the Duke of Kent's Cup, coming in forty-ninth out of the whole 117, in 5 min. 39·6 sec. With her is Isabel Roe, who came in third for the women. English ski-ers also took fourth and fifth places*

Howard Marshall on Sport

NEXT Saturday, I dare say, you will be one of the thousands who make their way to Twickenham for the match between England and Wales.

Sporting events of the first magnitude, indeed, crowd in upon us just now. On Saturday also there will be more Cup Ties. The boxing promoters are wildly busy, and still the news comes trickling through of curious cricket in South Africa.

Twickenham sets us a very pretty problem. There would be few, I suppose, prepared to bet with much confidence on England's chances, for the trials left us with no kind of hopeful evidence.

I think, myself, that England supporters have no need to be pessimistic. The selectors were bound to make experiments and it is just as well that they have plunged wholeheartedly in an endeavour to build up a team which will give us service for some time to come.

I FIND the forward reconstruction particularly encouraging. You may remember that in these columns some weeks ago it was suggested that the England front row should consist of R. E. Prescott, H. B. Toft and D. E. Teden; and this, it so happens, is the front row which the selectors have given us. These three players are well graded in size and have the solid compactness essential in a front row which hopes to shove under its opponents, and I fancy England will at least have their fair share of the ball.

Whether the experiment of moving H. F. Wheatley to the second row is quite so reassuring I don't know. Wheatley is a big, strong forward and, in theory at least, it is an excellent thing to break down the system of specialist positions in the scrummage. It is unfortunate, but true, however, that these are specialist days and Wheatley has packed in the front row for a long time now. The duties of a second-row forward are very different and, if Wheatley has a fault, it is that he has always packed too high. He cannot afford to pack high in the second row, where the properly hollowed back is an essential. What is more, he will have to remember his responsibilities for binding the scrummage and transmitting the weight from the back row effectively.

The second row, after all, is the keystone of the scrummage and if, through inexperience or any other cause, it should prove to be weak, the whole scrummaging machine may well break down. This, perhaps, is a pessimistic view, for Wheatley is a player of experience and doubtless will do his job soundly enough. I should have preferred myself to see R. M. Marshall in the second row, as he was last year, with C. D. Laborde, of Richmond, in the middle of the back row and leading the pack.

Even so, I think the England forwards should hold their own sufficiently stoutly.

The backs set us a more difficult problem in prognostication. It was quite clear after the final trial that P. Cooke and G. A. Walker were the more effective pair of halves. And everyone will welcome Walker's appearance in an England jersey, for never was there a more willing and courageous little player. Just how he will link up with his three-quarters remains to be seen, for he is pre-eminently an individualist; and perhaps the most cheerful view to take is to regard him as an English Cliff Jones—the darting, elusive type of runner who depends for his full success upon the alert co-operation of back-row forwards and centre three-quarters.

(*Concluded on page* vi)

***The controversy** of racehorse versus hunter for Aintree was raised, and punters for the Grand National were exercised, by the easy victory of St. George II. over Litigant in the four miles Stayers' Handicap at Gatwick. Here they take a fence together, Mr. Leveson-Gower's ten-year-old on the left (Mr. Petre), Litigant on the right (Mr. F. Walwyn). The latter received 16 lb. from the former*

***R. E. Prescott** (Christ Church, Oxford, and Harlequins) has received his fourth England Rugger cap and will duly play against Wales at Twickenham next Saturday.*

***Paul Cooke** (St. Edward's School, Trinity College, Oxford, and Richmond) is one of the new internationals to represent us against Wales next Saturday*

***The Cambridge crew** for April 1st is still an unknown quantity, though it is already seen that Cam oarsmanship will with difficulty equal the burst of keenness and enthusiasm on the Isis after last year's victory. Here Anthony Burrough, Cambridge president, lifts a weight for the edification of A and B crew members*

Winter Season 1939

Some Outstanding Dates

Jan. 23rd. - Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament ★ Feb. 1st. Concert with René Benedetti, violonist. Feb. 3rd. Recital by Mme Ninon Vallin, singer. ★ Feb. 9th. Golf - Bystander Cup. ★ February 15th. & 17th. Concerts with Simone Delbert and Maria Tauber, soloists. ★ Feb. 22nd. Concert of English Music conducted by Sir Adrian Boult. ★ Feb. 27th. - Mar. 5th. International Tennis Tournament including Butler & Iliffe Trophies. ★ Mar. 1st. Wagner Concert with Mme Germaine Lubin, singer. ★ Mar. 3rd. Music Gala with dancing by Clotilde and Alexandre Sakharoff. ★ Mar. 8th. & 10th. Emile Sauer, pianist. ★ Apr. 1st. Ballet Season opens.

The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited and all travel agencies

Plastics for 'Planes

By Charles Ward

Synthetic Aircraft

THE search continues for materials that are lighter, stronger and easier to mould into a required shape than wood or steel. Plastics are coming into fashion for many articles of commerce, and their use is being extended gradually to aircraft. In transparent form, a plastic material is used instead of glass for windscreens and the panels of observation and gun platforms. Even airscrew blades made of resin have been tested and found satisfactory. British research workers have produced a material reinforced with linen fibre that can be moulded into planks thirty feet long by six inches wide. There is no limit, within reason, to the size and shape of synthetic material, and, generally speaking, it is hoped to offer the manufacturer of aircraft something which he can make into parts with the simplest possible tools. The development of plastics is particularly important in view of the possibility that timber, steel, duralumin and other metals would become restricted in time of war.

Monoplanes for Lithuania

THE Percival "Q-6," which has two "Gipsy" engines of 200 horse-power each, has been chosen by Lithuania as the type for its first State airline. Maximum speed, with seven up, approaches 200 miles an hour, and normal cruising speed is 185, which is a remarkable performance on 400 horse-power. Fifteen different aircraft, including many foreign types, were examined before the "Q-6" was selected for its general economy, combined with comfort for the passengers. The Lithuanian pilots who flew the 'planes from Luton to Kaunas were most enthusiastic about the very full set of instruments installed and the efficiency of the radio, which was much in use during several hundred miles of fog and cloud flying. King Ghazi, a photograph of whom appears on this page, was one of the first owner-pilots to buy a "Q-6." Others include Sir Philip Sassoon and Lord Londonderry. The Civil Aviation Board in Australia has bought one for experimental flying in radio control and fog landing.

The Air Cadet Corps

THE old year ended with more than 4000 boys recruited for the Air Cadet Corps, Numbers 40 at Maidstone, 41 at Taunton, and 42 at King's Lynn being the last three to be included under the title of "Founder" squadrons. The Air League undertook to raise 200 squadrons, and it is expected that this total will be achieved by the end of this year. One unit is required in each town or section of a town with 40,000 inhabitants. The scheme has been adopted with enthusiasm by several schools, where the masters have taken a hand in organising the facilities for training. Lord Nuffield has helped the movement with a gift of £10,000 towards the central fund. Empire Air Day, which is another responsibility of the Air League, will be celebrated this year on Saturday, May 20th. It has taken the place of the R.A.F. Display as the occasion when the Service is at home to the public, but with the additional advantage that civil aviation also plays a part in raising money for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Bombers, fighters and flying-boats will tour the country on a more extensive scale than last year. In and around London the Balloon Barrage will be erected, so that people can see at close quarters the one form of defence against bombers which is as yet untried. Volunteers are still needed by some of the London units, men between twenty-five and fifty years of age being eligible.

100,000 Passengers in 1938

AIR FRANCE has had a record year, and the hundred-thousandth passenger, when he or she is located, will be given a free flight to Paris. Latest French commercial liner is the "Potez 662," a four-engined monoplane carrying sixteen passengers and a crew of four at 300 miles an hour. It will make its appearance on the air routes some time in the summer, when traffic reaches a peak. Extra services this year include Dinard and La Baule via Paris; Deauville direct; Aix-les-Bains and Vichy via Lyons. If it's the South of France you are visiting, fly to Cannes by Air France for £19 12s. return. There is a car leaving the Dorchester for Croydon Airport every week-day at 8 o'clock, the landing at Cannes being made at 3.5 p.m. precisely.

Major and Mrs. Mayo

At the Hermitage, Monte Carlo, the management have known for years "Mr. Mayo," but few connect the publicity-shy man with an invention which really deserves the adjectival "epoch-making": the Short-Mayo composite aircraft. Here the inventor and his wife are on the terrace at Monte Carlo

Overheard on the Tarmac

BROOKLANDS is one of the centres where private ownership of aircraft has increased. Mr. A. Cummings has bought a "Gipsy-Bluebird," and Mr. M. W. Colledge, brother of the girl skating champion, a "Hawk Major," these bringing the total number of private 'planes housed with the Club to sixteen. At Hanworth, the first of five Autogiros for the Navy, able to leave the deck without any forward run, has completed its trials. It is a two-seater, cruising at 100 miles an hour, obtaining its initial take-off with a jump of 30 ft. Captain Brie, test pilot for Autogiros, is anxious to find a flat roof, free from obstructions and situated in the centre of London, so that he can demonstrate the value of direct take-off and almost vertical descent. For communication purposes in time of trouble, for a special mail connection between the G.P.O. and Croydon, a shuttle service of this kind would be useful. As an alternative to a flat-roof, why not use an enclosure in Hyde Park?

King Ghazi of Iraq, photographed when about to take-off in his Miles "Magister," the latest addition to the Royal fleet. The 'plane was delivered from England by air

Begins next week.

Going Away...

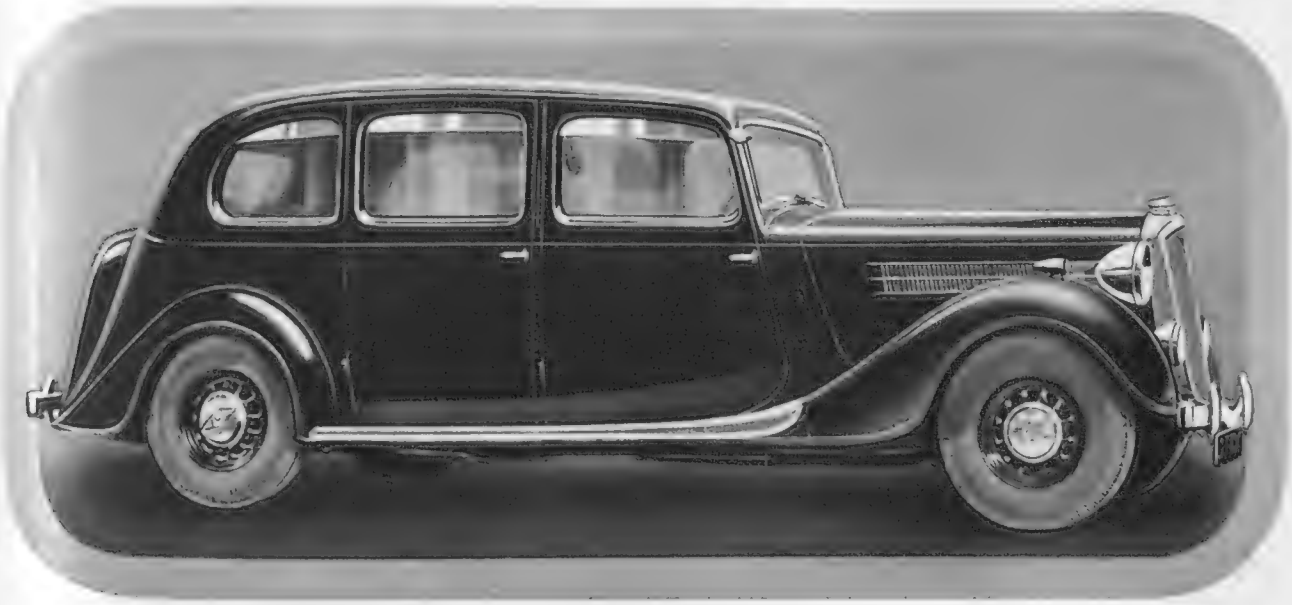
The Bystander's Monthly Travel Guide

By the Rev. Hugh Wallace

Compiled by one of the most inveterate and experienced of travellers, this section of the "Bystander" will appear regularly once a month, starting on January 25th. It will discuss the ideal Cruises and Resorts throughout the year, in good time for reservations to be made.

To the Manor born ...

Your habit of thought, your choice of friends, your taste in clothes (yes, and in cars) — how instinctively they reflect taste and training. Practical consideration may clearly indicate the Wolseley Limousine to you as the outstanding car of its class in the matter of performance, distinction and luxury. But your instinct is a surer guide still. It points to a Wolseley as the car which fits in characteristically with your surroundings and position in life, to the manner born . . .



THE WOLSELEY LIMOUSINE is powered by a 25 h.p. engine developing 105 brake horse power. Its interior is luxuriously appointed — easy to enter and to move about in and with folding seats and table and every convenience for seven people.

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The Question of Young Captains

By Eleanor E. Helme

THIS is going to be a very difficult article to tackle tactfully, and I sincerely hope that the writing of it will not leave me the poorer by several old and dear friends. With the respective rushes of Christmas and New Year over, there has been time to study the list of county officials for 1939, and the first exclamation which comes to mind after doing so is "Thank goodness there are quite a lot of young players in office at last." That may be a little inconsistent, because when one has read further and come on names such as . . . no, I mustn't say who, but there are some names of captains and hon. secretaries for 1939 who have been at the game a mighty long time, and the news that they are nobly taking office only sets one thinking how lucky are the counties who possess them, and how sensible to elect them, adding a rider "That 'll be a happy team—and not easy to beat."

BE that as it may, there does seem plenty to be said for the wisdom of making the youngsters take their share of work. It is good, for instance, to see Miss Enid Pears, the young Midland champion, captaining Warwickshire; Miss Pam Shand, Derbyshire; Miss Shena Urie, hon. secretary and treasurer for the great Ayrshire; remembering how lately these three were competitors in the Girls' Championship. The young captain—this again is one of the things so difficult to put nicely; maybe I ought to have left out all names—the young captain may not be a very good one. She may be too interested in her own game, not sufficiently determined to be the thoughtful hostess to a visiting team, not punctilious enough in playing her own strictly on merit without thought of personal likes and dislikes, a little casual over details of dealings with the clubs who so generously lend their courses. But an older captain may have all those drawbacks as well as a young one, and of the older there is little hope that she will learn to mend her ways. Whereas with the young ones there is the definite hope of improvement with longer experience.

If anybody wishes to grumble—and who does not, now and then?—let them suggest some better way of doing things, and be ready to do them. Nobody can possibly realise how much hard work goes to the captaining of a county team, or to its secretaryship, until they have tried for themselves, and it is only by experimenting with their younger members in office that counties can find fresh ideas. All fresh ideas may not be worth adopting, but the sifting of them, if it does nothing else, confirms the merit of the old ones, and is therefore of value. Once an individual or an organisation is gripped in the sway of "that 's the way we always have done it; why should we try anything else?" all hope of progress vanishes, and where there is no progress there is almost always retrogression.

THE contradictory part of it all is—just as contradictory as the merits of old captains and young ones—that a continual chopping and changing of policy can be almost as bad as stagnation. Lack of continuity is the greatest drawback of the constant change of delegates on the L.G.U. Executive, of the compulsory resignation after three years of councillors, and therefore of the chairman. The great revolution of 1928, which shook the women's golfing world to its core, was supposed to prevent the stagnation produced by office-bearers who were too powerful and unchanging. The remedy has proved almost worse than the disease; from year to year, almost from month to month, scratch scores and handicap regulations are altered, so that hardly a player dare say "My handicap is such and such a figure," unless they qualify it by adding, "if the regulations or the scratch score haven't been changed." What one year's Executive enacts, the next rescinds; confusion has grown worse confused. Reforms are always difficult, but there are not a few active brains in the L.G.U., as well as outside it, who feel that the time has come when the work of the Reformation of 1928 ought to be brought under review, so that things which have proved unworkable or unwise may be remedied.

SO far, the usual crop of broken limbs from winter-sporting has not been reported, but it is bad news that Mrs. Garon and a new car have suffered considerable damage in a motor smash here in England. However, she has come out of it alive, and that is something to be devoutly thankful for in these days, when the perils of the road have replaced such trifles as plague or small-pox as a means of reducing the population.

Miss Beryl Harvey, who has now added the secretaryship of the Joint Associations to her labours for the Parliamentary L.G.A., is another who not long ago had a quite miraculous escape in a somersaulting car, escaping with nothing worse than a bruise.

Camberley Heath announce an open meeting for March 24th. That sounds early, but Camberley is so deliciously dry, and so often a real suntrap, that there is sure to be a big entry, for players are keener and freer then than later in the season.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of December 28th (p. 487) we published a photograph which we stated was of Miss Patricia Kennedy and Mr. Dermot McGillycuddy after their marriage. This was incorrect; in the picture Mrs. McGillycuddy was with her brother, Mr. Robert Kennedy, who gave her away at her wedding. We much regret this mistake.

Bassano

Miss Phyllis Wade and Surgeon-Commander Wylie

Phyllis Wade, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Wade, of Queen's Park, Bournemouth, has announced her engagement to Surgeon-Commander John Wylie, Royal Navy, only son of the late Dr. Wylie, J.P., and Mrs. Wylie, of Fulwood, Stewarton, Ayrshire. Miss Wade was English ladies' champion in 1934 and runner-up two years later

Miss Peggy Bullard

Peggy Bullard, golf champion of Norfolk, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bullard, of Hellesden House, Norwich, is to be married at Drayton Church on February 11th to Brian Carrick, of Swanton Morley, Norfolk

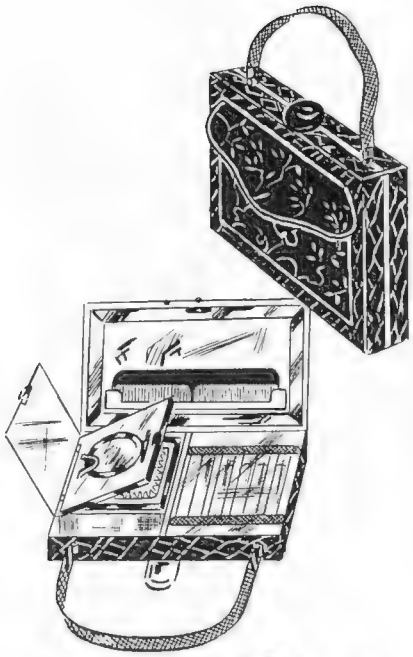
Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

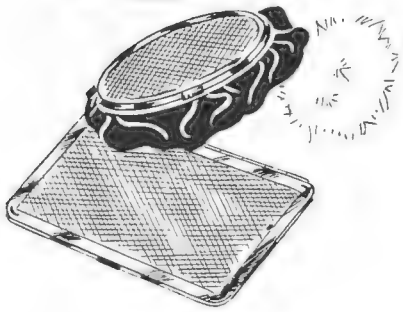
Scott Bushe

REMINDING you of the South in more spacious days; of dark-eyed peasants, and sailors with stiff black pigtails. Spring sunshine demands a hat that is gay and young and clear-cut; and this "sailor" answers all those demands. It is made in black poult with a stitched brim. A scarlet velvet camellia fastens the crisp veil to the centre front of the crown. The rest of the veil is wound round the neck, over the right shoulder and fastened to frock or buttonhole with a twin camellia. This clever arrangement softens the sharpness of the brim without detracting from its clear-cut lines. The hat is flattering; veil, tilt, and colour ensure that. But you must wear it gaily, with a Southern swagger, "with a snap in your step and a twinkle in your eye." It can be seen in the model millinery salon at Harrods, Knightsbridge, together with many other models, all new and unusual, each as exhilarating as a week's holiday. An early visit to the salon is recommended to all those who want to be a little ahead of the season

The bystander turns in search of Novelties



An evening bag as methodical as a card-index, but many times more decorative. It contains a large mirror, comb, cigarettes, rouge, powder, and a place for lipstick. The case is black, veined in gold, and carries an outside pocket of black and gold brocade for "extras." 50s., from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



Powder supply for a week-end or a week if you carry this flapjack. The top is of engine-turned gilt and there is a soft kid "extension" with movable sifter, to hold a supply of powder and a generous-sized puff. The flapjack costs one guinea, from Harvey Nichols, and a cigarette-case to match, 32s. 6d.

Small-size cravat to wear with a plain sports shirt: in foulard, printed with golfing figures, 5s. 11d.

Narrow belts again, and one of the most attractive is the soft, black suède one shown above. Its long, narrow buckle is studded with diamanté

Like the tang of a lemon is the colour scheme of this satin scarf-square. Yellow, tan, orange and mulberry-coloured sycamore leaves flaunt their brilliance on a black border, and stray over it to sparkle on the lime-green centre. Tonic to a tired suit, compliment to a new one. All from Vienna Sports, 80, New Bond Street

Matching bracelet and pendulous clip in pearls, paste and gold-coloured metal, crying out for a white chiffon or satin evening dress. This is Miriam Haskell jewellery — exclusive to Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge. The bracelet costs 42s., and the clip 39s. 6d.

Lunch is served—or soon will be. Those who take their pets on motor tours will welcome this small basket in which to keep the dog's provisions for the road. It contains a water-bottle, biscuit tin, feeding bowl and a towel, with space in the lid for any other necessities. 14s. 6d., from Dog Requisites, 18, Princes Arcade

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Three Aristocrats

By V. S. Pritchett

MR. E. M. FORSTER has written his belief in "an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky," and the quotation has a fitting place on the title-page of Mr. Oliver Warner's *Uncle Lawrence* (Chatto and Windus; 5*s*.). This is a delightful book. Uncle Lawrence is that Uncle in the Colonies which every English family has and who, oftener than not, is an embarrassment to the family at home. Distance lends an enchantment to these characters, but Mr. Warner's Uncle Lawrence was one of those who look depressing from this side of the Atlantic, but who reward acquaintance. He was not a stage Uncle. He was a failure. Again, not one of those pious, daisy-dandling, millionaire-rebuking failures by which American films endeavour to reconcile the underpaid to the opulent existence of their opposite, nor a hard-living underdog; but a weak, incompetent and good man who, when his nephew found him, was dwelling in a shack on a queer, flat, root- and tobacco-growing island on Lake Erie and trying to make a thin living out of selling radio sets and never sending in bills. His neighbours were mainly unassimilable Britishers like Lawrence himself, working men from Sussex and the Midlands, huddling together out of the draught of the vast, half-empty, meaningless spaces of Canada, muttering about the girl waiting for them ten or twenty years ago in Lincoln, the little business in Putney. They made the point of seeing Uncle Lawrence came to no great harm.

Mr. Warner says he tried and failed to turn his story into fiction; and I am glad he failed. He has done something requiring a quieter and greater art in putting down the truth. Those sudden grips Uncle Lawrence gave his nephew's arm, that tremendous visit to the mainland to buy spectacles so that Uncle Lawrence could at last *see* the shack, the village and his friends, which had been getting dimmer and dimmer, are momentous in their effect upon this moving and faithful portrait. The book is amusing; it is sensitive without losing the friendly touch of nature, and it adds to the world one lives in.

IT has always seemed to me that Turgenev's Rudin is a good rough sketch for a portrait of the intellectual of our time. Mr. Quentin Bell's memoir on his brother, *Julian Bell* (Hogarth Press; 12*s*. 6*d*.), who was killed last year at the age of thirty, when driving an ambulance in Government Spain, recalls this Russian study, for once more, a young and gifted man, out of touch with the society in which he lived, died with a romantic air upon a foreign barricade in a cause not his own. I do not say Bell's death was futile; there is a sense in which, given the present state of the world, it was inevitable. His case, illustrated by a packet of intelligent and amusing letters from China, by long, provocative essays on Roger Fry, politics, war, and his own position, his poems, some brief notes by Mr. E. M. Forster, and a very intelligent analysis of his character by a Frenchman, M. Charles Mauron, is here with all its contradictions and significance.

Julian Bell was a citizen of that minor and seemingly autonomous aristocracy and state within a state, known both abusively and enviously as Bloomsbury. The son of Mr. Clive Bell, brought up in that lively circle of epicurean rationalists which had been spiritually directed by the late Lowes Dickinson and included Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant, J. M. Keynes, E. M. Forster and Roger Fry, Julian Bell was not Bloomsbury by affectation. He was of the heart of it. And though he reacted against its liberalism and pacifism—at an early age, with prophetic symbolism, he let his air-gun off under the breakfast table at Roger Fry—half of him remained Bloomsbury to the core. Mozart, poetry, pheasant-shooting, mistresses and a belief in the practical if not philosophical truth of the pleasure-principle, an aristocratic socialism—there is his outline. But like his political counterpart, Mr. Anthony Eden, he really believed in oligarchy. He felt he had a responsibility in the world, but there was a good dash of the aristocratic intellect's irresponsibility in him and a preference for people to causes. Or, rather, he hated the people in the causes he supported, approving of Marx but having no use for Marxists. Actually, he fancied himself as a Machiavelli. Once establish socialism, which would remove the feeling of guilt his class had about the present state of society, give him leadership, influence or control, and back he would go happily to his pheasants, his Mozart, his mistresses and the rational life. If they were left — which he doubted. Bell evidently regarded himself as shrewd and practical; he had some common sense; but his was chiefly the alertness of the restless mind and the impatience of the undecided.

At least, that was one strain in him. The Quaker background saved him, as M. Mauron says, from being the gentleman gangster; and though he appealed for the military virtues, it was as a Red Cross man and not as a fighter that he met the martyrdom which, theoretically, he despised. His Spanish adventure knocked the bottom out of the pleasure-principle. It is not hard to see from this honest book that the Bloomsbury ideal of freedom from prejudice bored him; that its rationalism had provoked in him a desire to act for action's sake. He liked letting off his air-gun at his own side, and revelled in the brilliance of unfair controversy.

Nancy Cunard

Has been in London recently to appeal for funds for the National Committee for Aid to Spain for the "Standard Parcel Service," by which food is sent to Spanish families who are near to starvation; has now returned to Spain to write a series of articles and also a book on the Moors. An article and a poem by her appear in the January "Voice of Spain." She edited an anthology called "Negro" a year or two ago. Is the daughter of Emerald Lady Cunard

PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO'S *Katia* (Heinemann; 7*s*. 6*d*.) is another true story, the romance of the Princess Dolgoruki's liaison with the Tsar Alexander II. She was a tomboy schoolgirl when she met him and, if one of the many attempts at assassination had not at last succeeded, she would have become his wife. Except in one passage, where, like one of Mr. Stephen Leacock's heroines, a lady comes in "literally dripping with diamonds, which fell to her knees in rivulets," the story is pleasantly told in a hushed, thin, fairy-tale way, if you like the "beautiful school" of royal love-affairs; and it is no surprise that the film companies jumped at it.

THE Zaca of *Zaca Venture* (Bodley Head; 12*s*. 6*d*.) was a two-masted Diesel schooner which Professor William Beebe took out for a couple of months into the Gulf of California on one of his interesting marine expeditions. A good deal of his work was in harpooning — there was a 42-ft. whale shark — and in diving, when the observer sways with the current and gropes through the submarine tropic, ready with "bang-bang" to fight off aggressive creatures. Another method of observation was to lean over the side of the boat with the head in a water-glass. Surgeons and angel-fish, yellow blennies and golden groupers, sergeant-majors, girellas and opaleyes—the names give a ballet-like air to the under-water life of the Californian pools. Professor Beebe's popular science is, of course, pictorial and is science chiefly in the holiday sense, but it is very readable and attractive.

Motoring Commentary

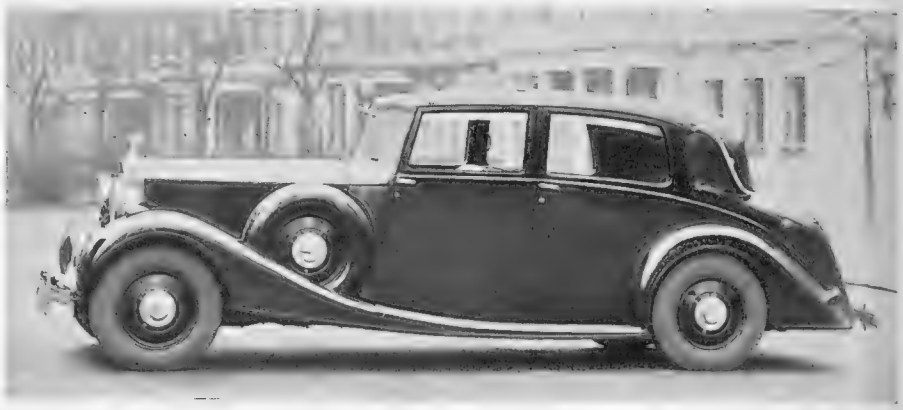
By Alan C. Hess

NO ONE who saw the hectic events which followed the spilling of oil on a downhill corner at Donington during last year's International Grand Prix will be likely to forget them. Car after car struck the oil-patch with its front wheels on lock and skated out of control off the road. Some spun round four or five times, while the drivers fought madly to master them, and Hasse's Auto-Union, it will be remembered, shot backwards through some palings into a ditch, where it came to a very abrupt stop, spilling out its hapless occupant, who miraculously escaped unhurt.

Many of Dick Seaman's fans declare that it was only because he, too, got out of control, spun round and stalled the engine of his Mercedes after striking this oil-patch that he did not win the race. However that may be, oil on a road or track during a race constitutes one of the few dangers which drivers really dread. An unexpected and unnatural hazard such as this is the exception which is taken to prove the rule that "Emergencies only beset the unprepared."

It has long been felt in racing circles that some special kind of readily recognisable signal to denote the presence of oil on the course is urgently needed, and so it is good to learn that the Competitions Committee of the Royal Automobile Club has now authorised the use of such a special signal, consisting of a flag coloured yellow and red alternate stripes, expressly for use in such circumstances. At present the signal has only been authorised for use in connection with races in this country, but the R.A.C. has recommended to the A.I.A.C.R. that it be recognised internationally.

There are in existence at present a red signal flag and a yellow signal flag. The former is only used in cases of grave danger and requires a driver to pull up immediately. The latter is a warning flag, to indicate to drivers that the course ahead is obstructed. It will be seen that the new flag is a combination of the two existing danger signals and not, therefore, likely to be confused with signals used for other purposes.



***The wedding present** of Lady Patricia Guinness to Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, M.P. (they were married at the end of 1938), was this Sedanca-Lette by Hooper on a Rolls-Royce "Phantom III." chassis. The coachwork is in green and black*

THE entire inadequacy of our roads for the volume of traffic which has to use them has indeed given life to the old tag "Festina Lente," for so congested are many London streets that a bus journey to-day is actually slower than it was in the pre-war days of the horse-drawn omnibus. This point was driven home upon his audience with some force by Mr. Walter Elliot, the Minister of Health, when he spoke a short while back at a dinner of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association.

"The internal combustion engine, which began by speeding us up," he said, "is now *slowing* us up to such an extent that in London and other big towns it is often quicker to walk."

Mr. Elliot went on to point out that in 1904 the average speed of the bus journey (it was the day of the horse bus) from Swiss Cottage to Oxford Circus was nearly nine miles an hour. Even in 1937, when congestion was not quite so bad as it is to-day, the average speed for the same journey by motor-bus was nearer 8½ miles an hour. In 1904 the average speed of the journey from Highbury Barn to Piccadilly Circus was a little over 8 miles an hour. In 1937 the average speed for the same journey by motor-bus was something under 8 miles an hour.

EVER since the supercharger became such a factor in motor racing a few years ago, controversy has raged over exactly how a fool-proof definition of a supercharger could be arrived at. To-day, very few unsupercharged racing cars are anything of a force to be reckoned with, if we exclude the new French formula-cars. Among well-known British cars, Percy Maclure's Riley is about the only unsupercharged challenger which consistently "puts up a show."

Appreciating that the need to find a real definition was becoming increasingly pressing, the A.I.A.C.R. recently went into a prolonged huddle, with the result that the R.A.C. now announces that the Ruling Body has adopted the following definitions of unsupercharged and supercharged two-stroke and four-stroke engines to be used in connection with the existing International formula:

Definition of an unsupercharged four-stroke engine: A four-stroke engine, having equal piston strokes in both directions, is said to be unsupercharged, only when the depression created by the displacement of the pistons induces into the cylinders the air or gaseous mixture which will be used for combustion.

Definition of a supercharged four-stroke engine: A four-stroke engine is said to be supercharged when the introduction of the air or gaseous mixture which will be used for combustion is brought about by means other than the depression created by the displacement of the pistons.

Definition of a two-stroke engine: A two-stroke engine is an engine where each cylinder furnishes a power stroke per revolution of the engine.

Definition of an unsupercharged two-stroke engine: A two-stroke engine is said to be unsupercharged only when the displacement of the pistons of uniform diameter induces into the cylinder the air or gaseous mixture which will be used for combustion.

Definition of a supercharged two-stroke engine: A two-stroke engine is said to be supercharged when the introduction into the cylinders of the air or gaseous mixture which will be used for combustion is brought about by means other than the displacement of the pistons of uniform diameter.

NOTE.—The employment of any form of adjutage (funnel, scoop or tube) to receive directly ambient or circulating air is not considered to be a means of supercharging.

So now we know!

***Not once, but many times** the Automobile Association had to come to the rescue of its members during the last two months. Here is someone in trouble in flooded Cambridgeshire, where locals took to punts*

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Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 104)

That Walker will find his way through the Welsh defence is quite certain. But it will not be an orthodox way, and he must be backed-up with the utmost vigilance.

Cooke, at scrum-half, is a very worthy choice. Not only does he send out a beautiful pass, but the amount of defensive covering he gets through is tremendous.

In the three-quarter line there is at least speed. We may regret the absence of Obolensky. But Guest, on his present form, is too good a footballer to be omitted, and the only pity is that Obolensky cannot play on the left wing.

Carr, who comes in there, is also exceptionally fast, and very determined ; while in the centre, Heaton will undoubtedly keep Wales on tenterhooks. And if he has one of his best days, we may see some most spectacular attack.

England, in short, are a team of very considerable possibilities, and we never know quite what the Welshmen will produce. If their forwards are well led and co-ordinated, then Wales have an excellent chance of victory. Tanner and Davies appear to be playing brilliantly at half-back, and Wooller, in the centre, is always a menace. On the wings, moreover, Wales will beyond question be brilliantly served, and altogether it promises to be an exceptionally interesting and rousing match.

SWITCHING over to the summer game for a moment, I can well believe that, by the time you read these notes, Don Bradman will have broken all records for consecutive centuries. As I write, he has scored five in a row, and it is rather odd to reflect that, before the Australians came over here this summer, we heard rumours that the little man's powers were on the wane. From what we hear of him now, he seems to be better than ever he was. And if he wishes to go on making centuries, I don't suppose there are many bowlers in Australia who fancy their chances of stopping him.

The controversy about drawn Test Matches still rages in various parts of the Empire, and I must say I am all against those who continue to advocate more and more time for these dreary affairs.

I still maintain that four days should be plenty for any cricket match, provided only that the players remember that it is a cricket match, and that the wicket gives the bowler a reasonable amount of help.

TALKING of Australia, by the way, it now seems most unlikely that we shall see the Australian tennis players at Wimbledon this summer, which in many ways is a great pity. They will be so set on capturing the Davis Cup that Wimbledon will be outside their schedule.

And now quite clearly H. W. Austin has the best of chances of becoming champion. He is still troubled by a tennis elbow. But we shall all hope to see him fighting fit and able to spare the time to capture a title which would worthily round off his tennis career.

THE interest in the Boon-Danahar fight is extraordinary. Not for a very long time has there been such a rush for tickets for any fight in this country. But then, the meeting of these two boys is what the professors call a natural.

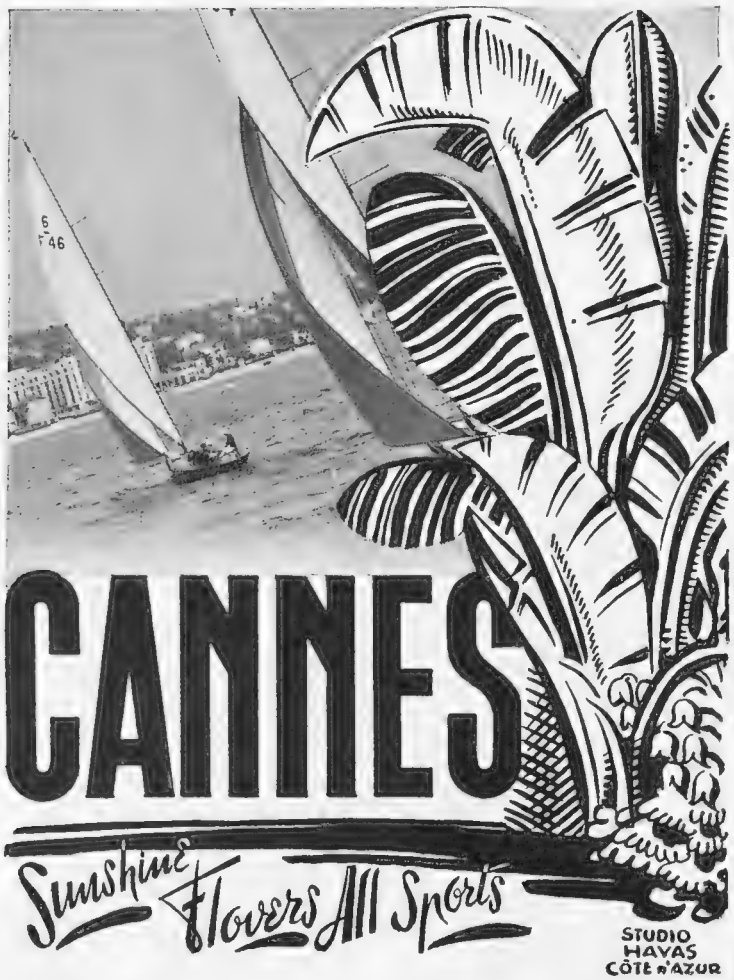
I wish we could see a natural looming ahead in the heavy-weight world. I was talking to Len Harvey about his plans the other day, and although he is being inundated with offers, nothing seems to be very concrete.

He is surely right not to allow himself to get rusty, and if he does take on the fight for the Empire title with Larry Gains, it will be as good a way of keeping his eye in as any other.

Gains may be a veteran, but he is still remarkably fit, and his vast experience always makes him an awkward customer, as young George James discovered to his sorrow not so long ago.

Cresta-Runners

At St. Moritz for the Heaton Gold Cup, won by W. A. R. Keddie, were Mr. Donald McCullough, contributor to the "Bystander" on the lighter side of winter sports, and Baron Philippe de Rothschild. The latter's kinsman, Baron Louis, is prisoner over the frontier in Austria



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GOOD SKI-ING TILL END OF APRIL

Lady Moira Combe says—

"Modern coiffure styles absolutely demand Kirbigrips. Some girls use inferior grips that have a habit of falling out at awkward moments, but I always insist on the genuine Kirbigrips because they keep my hair in place all day long and never slip—they are practically invisible too!"

In black, bronze, silver grey, and golden, also silk covered and paste set for evening wear.

Of all Drapers, Hairdressers and Stores.

Made in England by KIRBY, BEARD & Co., Ltd., Birmingham and London

KIRBIGRIPS

REG.D

Photo.: C. Brandt, Arosa.

AROSA 6000 ft.

Amid the finest Ski-Fields in Switzerland

Powder snow from November to May, glorious bronzing sunshine, crystal clear air, all combine to make a Winter Sports Holiday in Arosa a constant delight. Beginning skiers can benefit from the excellent Swiss Ski School, experts can look forward to some of the most exciting runs in Europe.

The minimum Pension Rates of the following Sporthotels are:—

	Beds	S. Frs.		Beds	S. Frs.
Gentiana	30	12.—	Seehof	110	16.—
Furka	35	12.50	Valsana	100	16.—
Belvedere Tanneck	40	13.—	Prätschli Berghotel	80	16.50
Suvretta	40	13.—	Altein Grand Hotel	150	18.—
Parkhotel	90	13.50	Arosa-Kulm	170	18.—
Merkur	40	14.50	Excelsior	100	18.—
Alpensonne	40	15.—	Hof Maran	110	18.—
Bellevue	110	15.—	Neues Waldhotel	125	18.—
Post-und Sporthotel	70	15.—	Tschuggen Grand Hotel	180	18.—
Des Alpes	60	16.—			

Arosa's great advantage is its altitude, for the ski-fields surrounding it go right up to 9000 feet.

Three ski-hoists are making the climbing a great pleasure

My Cup Runneth Over

(Continued from page 86)

TO-DAY she decided to get a nice fowl and fricassee it for Mrs. Crosby's lunch, and, glancing at the clock, she hurried into her hat and coat and went down the two flights of stairs to the friendly street. There was no time for loitering among the Madison Avenue shops, the chicken having to simmer a good three hours, and she walked across town to Third Avenue.

Mr. Grossman, the butcher, smiled at her when she entered the shop. It was early and he was expertly cutting off lamb chops and arranging them, with sprigs of parsley, in the case under the counter, before a rush of customers arrived. Although Mrs. Wallace had quite made up her mind to get a fowl, she did not immediately tell him her intention. She smiled back at him, waiting until he stopped his work.

"Well, Mrs. Wallace, what 'll it be to-day?" he asked. "A nice lamb chop, nice fresh calf's liver? Say the word. I got some dandy pork."

She shook her head thoughtfully. "It 's warm for pork," she said. "Let me see the calf's liver."

Mr. Grossman went to the refrigerator and came back carrying a dark slab of liver. "There you are," he told her. "You couldn't ask for anything finer than that. Fresh to-day."

It was twenty minutes before Mrs. Wallace left the shop, the fowl in a paper bag under her arm. It had been a pleasant bit of bargaining, Mr. Grossman displaying toward her the tolerance of his race for old people. Besides, his own mother was like that. Fussy.

By the time Mr. Corsini, of the Luxury Market, had wrapped up a pound of string beans for her, he was in no doubt as to the inferior if not downright no-good quality of his peas. Under her stern eye he had opened pod after pod, shaking the small, green blisters into his palm, where they lay, embarrassingly inadequate. Beaten, he acknowledged their worthlessness, and Mrs. Wallace, closing the door behind her, walked briskly toward Lexington, flushed with success, a triumphant light in her eyes.

She always saved buying the dessert until last: there was something so completely satisfying in the warm, sweet smell of the bakery, with its shelves of delicious cakes, cinnamon buns and pecan rolls. On the day Mrs. Crosby came for lunch, Mrs. Wallace bought four cakes—two for lunch and two to be eaten with afternoon coffee. After some deliberation, she decided on chocolate-covered ones with a sponge base and marshmallow filling. Then, with her bundles in her arms, she started for home. At the corner a man with a push-cart was selling bunches of roses for a quarter, and she purchased a bunch of these, sniffing them appreciatively as she walked. Their fresh scent filled her with a pleasant nostalgia.

Once in the house she burst into a fever of activity, and for several hours the small kitchen was filled with the sound of water splashing, pans banging, and silver clattering. At five minutes to one she opened the package from the bakery to take out the four cakes and arrange them on a silver plate. It was her custom to put them all out magnificently for lunch, with the understanding, of course, that only two were to be eaten then. In the box were five cakes. Her first feeling of pleased surprise was almost instantly followed by a sense of guilt. She wondered if the young lady who made the mistake would be made to pay for her error, and she contemplated going back to the shop later and returning the extra one. Then, with a high sense of mischief, she put the cake back in its box and tucked it away on the pantry shelf. "God helps those who help themselves," she said out loud.

AT exactly one o'clock the doorbell rang. She clicked the button to release the catch on the downstairs door and then went to the banisters and looked down. She could hear Corinne Crosby's heavy steps and the gasp of her breathing as she reached the first landing. "Take your time—take your time!" she called.

At the door to the apartment they embraced warmly. Mrs. Crosby was a large woman and she looked hot in a dusty-black suit and a blue, changeable silk blouse. Her face was happy in anticipation. She sank into the chair by the window and removed her hat. "I thought I 'd never get here," she said. "I rushed and rushed to get the children's lunch fixed and left it all ready for them in the dining-room. And the way they all rush out in the morning and leave the house looking! Really, Annie, you never saw anything like it."

Mrs. Wallace glanced around her small, neat room and nodded. "I know," she answered. "And I do think that Myra and Jim could see their way clear to getting someone in to help."

"They certainly find money enough to throw away on other things," Mrs. Crosby agreed. "But then, they work for it."

By some deep understanding they dropped the subject of Mrs. Crosby's son, daughter-in-law and grandchildren, and while they ate, their talk was richly reminiscent.

"I 'll never forget how you looked dressed up in men's clothes," Mrs. Wallace said, helping herself to another dumpling. "You weren't exactly thin then, you know. And in those trousers! Well!"

"And how mad Jim was when I kicked his hat!" Mrs. Crosby laughed. "My, but I used to be limber. I was never real thin, but I *was* limber."

"I could do the split," Mrs. Wallace reminded her.

"So you could, Annie. I 'd forgotten that."

Several times during lunch Mrs. Wallace started to tell about the extra cake, but because she had obviously not put it with the others on the silver plate, she decided it would be better to say nothing about it. It was probably her guilty conscience that made it seem as though Corinne enjoyed her dessert more than usual. If she merely stepped into the kitchen and brought out the extra cake, explaining it as a joke and a surprise, they could divide it between them.

This feeling of guilt hung over her as she insisted that the movies be her treat. And once seated in the theatre, she almost forgot about the cake. She had done more than her share, she reasoned.

The two old women sat in the dark coolness of the theatre, their eyes on the screen, watching, not quite comprehending, the extravagant tale of jealousy and love against the preposterously rich settings. They felt relaxed and prepared to be enormously entertained, so that it was easy to laugh at the comedy and to feel gently sad during the feature picture.

"Well," Mrs. Wallace said as they started for home, "it came out all right for her, anyway."

"I thought it never would, though, with a man like that to deal with. The world 's full of them, too."

They climbed the two flights of steps to the apartment, Mrs. Wallace stepping lightly ahead and Mrs. Crosby lagging behind, holding to the banisters. They had carried their lunch dishes to the kitchen before they went out, so there was nothing to do but put on the coffee and arrange the remaining cakes on two small plates.

A slight feeling of let-down enveloped Mrs. Crosby as she sat in the chair by the window eating her cake silently. "I must say you 're lucky, Annie," she said at last.

Mrs. Wallace put her plate down in her lap and her eyes wandered about the room, which was warm and soft in the afternoon sun. Her day bed stood, neat and fresh, against the wall and her desk held her letters, and only her letters. Pictures of her children and grandchildren, silent, untroublesome and friendly, gazed down at her. Her small radio, to be turned on and off as she pleased, was at her hand. The faint aroma of the excellent lunch she had chosen and cooked herself still lingered. To be sure, Frank was not here, and from the depths of her being she tried to conjure up his spirit to rebuke her. But he failed her utterly and drew no nearer to her than the almost strange, dapper-looking little man who smiled down from the largest frame.

She glanced at Corinne, sitting heavily in the best chair, her hands, stained and swollen, holding the plate. Her hair looked as though she had hurriedly brushed it in place, and there were spots, unsuccessfully scrubbed, on her skirt. Pretty, gay Corinne, who had been her maid of honour when she and Frank were married! Corinne, who had been the one to say things to make you laugh and who now, having lived nearly seventy years, didn't even have a room of her own.

"I am lucky," Mrs. Wallace answered, gratitude sweeping over her. "I am a very lucky woman."

Mrs. Crosby took a bite of cake and ate it thoughtfully. "I suppose when it comes to that, we both are," she said.

They sat drinking their coffee in silence until it was time for Corinne to go. She put on her large, unfashionable hat and the coat that was too heavy.

"Wait!" Mrs. Wallace exclaimed, and went to the kitchen. She took down the box with the cake in it and hurried back to the room.

"It 's a little surprise," she explained. "And you can eat it in bed to-night. But don't you give it to one of those children, now!"

Mrs. Crosby took the box with expressions of delight. "I certainly will not, Annie," she said. "Let them eat their jello or whatever they like. I 'll have *this* little treat

She kissed Mrs. Wallace on the cheek

Half-way down the stairs she called back, "Next Wednesday!"

"Next Wednesday, sure!" Mrs. Wallace answered.

As she closed the door she stood looking about the room as though she had never quite seen it before. Then she went over to the day bed and lay down upon it, arranging a knitted afghan over her feet. She felt a little tired and there were still the dishes to wash and her supper to get. Her figure was so slight and delicate, lying on the bed, that to anyone entering it might almost seem there was no one in the room. But as she closed her eyes a small, crowded world hummed in her ears.

THE END.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

JANUARY

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London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Popular signature tune at the Dorchester

The Dorchester

A NEW edition of the Dorchester dinner and supper shows begins to-day. And the one and only Vic Oliver is on the band-waggon as compère, clown, and his own delightful self. I should hate to think that he is bereft of any of his props, his entry tune of "Happy Days Are Here Again," his violin, his piano, and his outrageous digs at his supremely receptive audience. Oliver has a following, which will doubtless be booking the best tables at the Dorchester now, having paid cheerfully to hear him wherever he appeared before. I understand, too, that the presence of the Chester Hale Girls has given him some lines that will raise that noble Dorchester roof. In the interval of being stung by Oliver, Les Girls have some vast new dances and less vast new frocks for your delight.

Second on the bill comes John Hoysradt, from America. I haven't seen him yet, but news of some of his impersonations (especially the ones he won't be allowed to do in such public) has come around to me long since. It's a pity that politics are what they are, and we at least maintain our politeness to public personages.

Henry Sherek is, at the moment of writing, in America, on a talent-spotting trip for just such shows as this. You can bet a good deal that he will return with some strong extra support for even these top head-liners.

Jack Jackson, of course. White ties and best b's and t's, of course. A very good evening, of course. When have you been disappointed at the Dorchester?

Grosvenor House

I DON'T think there's been a more lavish, witty and excellent supper-time revue in London than *Grandfather's Follies* at Grosvenor House. Not since I've been doing the rounds, anyway. It would take too long to itemise the numbers, to tell of the dances of Flora Duane and Earl Leslie, the ensembles of the Grosvenor Gaiety Girls, the decorations and scenic effects of the whole two shows, dinner-time and midnight. Just let me say that, in addition to these, there are the Two Equillos, the Three Admirals, and the Music Hall Boys, and you'll get some idea. The last song of the first, the first of the second, and everything of the last are high spots of an enormous evening.

You will perhaps have seen some of it on television. You must certainly not let the programme change before you go and take it all in in person and on the spot. London is talking about it, and some of the jokes are current already without acknowledgment. It's that important.

Tuneful Victorian waiters at Grosvenor House

Sydney Lipton plays throughout for dancing, and, top-hatted and moustached, for the troupe. There is a welter of moustaches all the time. Waiters don them (or moustached men become waiters; I don't know). People sing the "Tavern in the Town," "Lily of Laguna" (the Equillos are beautifully funny with this), "The Old Bull and Bush," and—you know all the others. If you don't, they're written on the programme so that you can join in the Late Joys.

I notice that Grosvenor House is still the gathering-place of an evening of the young American colony. And they know about floor shows. They eat this one up. Deservedly.

Ciro's

IT was for an earlier being of this club that Gilbert Frankau "birthed" the phrase, "Where great cars cluster, thick as tanks in action." In whatever book it was (*Men, Maids and Mustard Pot*?), it was early enough to have impressed my schoolboy mind as a slogan. And to-day it is as applicable as ever. For here, to listen to Jack Harris's fabulous band, to see fabulous entertainers and to eat fabulous food, come the great. And it is an endurable penalty of being the type for which Ciro's is a haven,

TO-NIGHT (JANUARY 18)

"The Dorchester"

presents a new revue

"The Dorchester Cabaret"

The cast includes

JOHN HOYSRADT

VERA HAAL

THE DOR-CHESTER HALE GIRLS

Compère VIC OLIVER

JACK JACKSON and his BAND

Produced by Henry Sherek

Nightly at 10 p.m. and Midnight
(two entirely different Shows)

Extension Night now Wednesday

10 YEARS OLD PADDY

This fine old Irish whisky, mellowed and softened by ten well-spent years in the wood, is the choice of the connoisseur at home and abroad, thanks to its uniform quality and absolute purity. Ask for "Paddy" next time. It's bottled only by the distillers.

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LA COQUILLE

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Speciality of Oysters, Fish Shell Fish, and Light Wines.

79, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2 Pro. : J. PAGÉS
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THE NEW Queens brasserie

Bierkeller, Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night until 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. Luncheon—inclusive charge of 3/6 for choice of full menu

LEICESTER SQUARE NEXT THE 'EMPIRE'

L'AUBERGE DE FRANCE
London's latest FRENCH RESTAURANT
Fine Food perfectly served in quiet surroundings. Under direction of MONS. C. DERTU
PICCADILLY CIRCUS (Opposite London Pavilion)
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KINGS
LUNCH and DINE at KINGS
Lower John Street, Nr. Piccadilly Circus, W.1.
Convenient for shopping and all theatres. You will enjoy the well-cooked food, attentive service and restful surroundings. A quiet spot to meet your friends.
Nearby car park. GERrard 6576.

Drambuie
Exquisite in flavour and bouquet, Drambuie is the perfect after-dinner liqueur. Throughout the world it appeals to men and women alike. Prepared from a recipe brought to Scotland in 1745 by Bonnie Prince Charlie.
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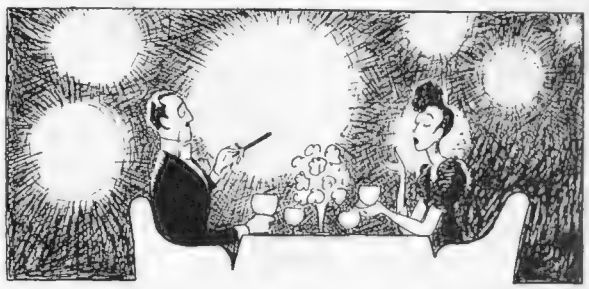
that photographers and flashlights find their quarries here in sure clusters.

From six o'clock in the evening the parties come. Dinner brings more, supper more again. The after-theatre crowds arrive later here than elsewhere, I suppose because most of them have been to the dressing-rooms to collect the bright-light stars who have taken their calls. It is past midnight when the cabaret starts, and few better recipes for late-night contentment exist than in the ingredients that Ciro's supplies. (Mem. If you must be mercenary, try getting food to Ciro's standards at Ciro's prices anywhere else in London !)

To-morrow (Thursday, extension) Vi Bradley comes, with her songs at the piano. Those of you who have done the rounds from Hollywood to Park Avenue will have been taken to hear her at one place or another by her frantic devotees. It is typical of things as they are that Ciro's should have her now. Veloz and Yolanda have only just finished. That 's the form all the time.

It 's a club, of course. Exclusive as the dickens. But if you 're just home from your regiment, haven't had time to get around, but must take her to Ciro's (you must), your best hope is either to see if your hotel manager can't fix you up, or ring up the secretary and try to sell him your credentials for at least a temporary membership. Otherwise, try all your toniest acquaintances. Ciro's is all that you 'll expect.



Dining under fire at Ciro's

L'Auberge de France

It was a sad little tale that M. Dertu told me. Over the Christmas week, as a great favour to such of the floating population as were sure to come into L'Auberge expecting to be played to for dancing, M. Dertu had imported a band. This was something that he had pondered about for some time, because it had been one of his strong hunches that, if he could get the food here up to his own exacting standards, music would be out of place. And here, so soon, was an occasion demanding that which he had purposely destroyed.

There was a big and élite party of good patrons that night, who had come to L'Auberge not only to have an Auberge meal, but to escape the music that they knew would be around in the rest of London at that season. And then the music started, and faces fell, and M. Dertu was desolate, and it took much explanation to explain. It was with some relief that, recently, he saw the same party return, taking him at his true word that such things would be no more after the New Year.

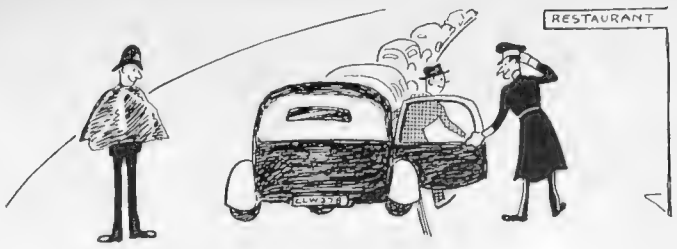
L'Auberge de France—portrait of a man reading a menu

Better have no music at meals such as Dertu prepares, and with the wines that he supplies. L'Auberge is fast becoming settled in the straight and narrow groove of being a great eating resort, where French things are served in the French manner, watched and cosseted in their stages by the hand of a master French chef, viz., M. Dertu. Put your queries to Dertu himself. Let him choose food and wines if that 's the way you 're feeling. Piccadilly Circus, over which the windows of L'Auberge look, should be proud of its new importance.

The New Clarges

Heaven in Mayfair itself, where you can still, Heaven be praised ! leave your car safely and free outside the door for the length, probably great, of your excellent meal. As Captain Cuttle would have said, when found, make a note of. Where quiet prevails, and friendly waiters abound, and food is unquestionably of London's very best—when found, make a note of. Where comfortable chairs flank wobble-less tables, where the cellar (still not quite complete to Binaco's orders, but coming, sair, coming) provides exactly what your thirst or pocket requires, even when both are very deep or very slight—when found, make a note of.

The New Clarges has many other advantages, and many of them are too subtle for words in a short space. It is a place which



Free and Easy Parking at the New Clarges

for years and years has continued gently to find new patrons without disturbing the old. It is no place of fashion, although the fashion love it. It is beyond the disturbances that purely fashionable places suffer. Remember that it is the restaurant of the hotel, too. It is in keeping that Binaco, the soul of efficiency, should appear to the lunchers and diners rather like the cheerful and courteous family retainer. Nobody of his staff fusses or rushes. But service is swift and careful. You will gather that I like the New Clarges. I found it many years ago, and when found, made a note of it.

Kempinski's

THEY continue their deservedly successful entertainment-through-the-evening idea in the restaurant at Kempinski's. Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall are the two singers, players and foolers just now. The latter is a more recent arrival than the former. He is in no need of introduction to those of you who know the country's comics, on air, screen or stage. He goes with a swing at Kempinski's, where the atmosphere is informal. When one has finished a Kempinski dinner, one may be forgiven for thinking that fate cannot touch one and the world is very good. It 's all the better if, over a liqueur or pint of lager, you can smoke and listen to unobtrusive drollery at two pianos.

Freddy Aspinall and Jean Melville

There 's another new scheme afoot in the Tavern downstairs. The Business Lunch. It may not have started by the time you are reading this, but the whole thing is on the stocks. Four courses, with choice of many things in each. Everything from the card will be ready in the room, with special hot plates and that kind of preparation; so that you will never be able to lose track of your waiter when you 've given your order. Quickness and slickness, and the price only 3/6. If you know Kempinski food, that will be worth remembering. You 'll be hearing when the scheme gets under way.

Meanwhile, for lunch and dinner, each hospitable room is wide open to welcome you. The menu still ranges over the best specialities of most European countries, and the prices are far from exorbitant.

La Coquille

"CLOSE by theatres, handy for lunch, dinner or light supper." So, I see, reads the pocketable card telling of La Coquille's offerings to the greater good of London. True enough. But wait till you turn over the page and see the names of the dishes, and the

Outside Dinner Service from La Coquille

CIRO'S CLUB

LONDON DÉBUT

Tuesday, January 17th

VI BRADLEY

AMERICA'S MOST DYNAMIC RADIO & CABARET STAR

DANCING TO JACK HARRIS AND HIS BAND

RESERVE YOUR TABLES EARLY. TEL: WHI. 1518

SATISFACTION!

"A Perfect Finish to a Good Dinner" MARTELL CORDON BLEU. A very fine Liqueur Brandy—guaranteed over 35 years in cask and then there's *Extra*—very expensive but Martell's finest Liqueur Brandy—70 years in cask.

Obtainable at all leading Hotels and Restaurants

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT
CLARGES STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.
First-class French cooking in Luxurious surroundings.

FLEMING'S HOTEL
HALF MOON STREET, PICCADILLY, W.1.
A luxuriously comfortable and peaceful hotel in the heart of the West End. Renowned for superlative cuisine and service. Double and single rooms. Large and small suites.
Phone: GROsvenor 2964. Grams: Fleminotel, Audley, London.

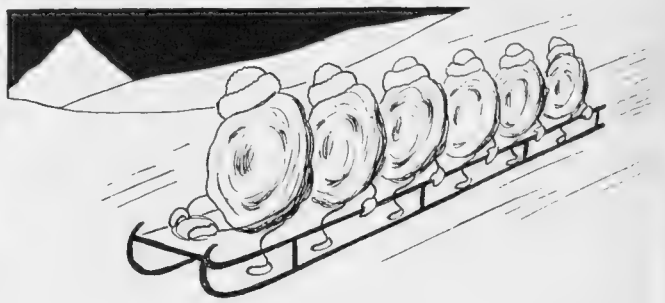
KEMPINSKI'S
The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall, sensation on two pianos, will entertain you in the Savarin room. Castelly and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.
99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

RHEUMATISM
VICHY-CÉLESTINS is Nature's own antidote for warding off the pains and penalties of *Rheumatism.* Drink it *regularly* at meals, and at any other time. *Obtainable everywhere.*
● CAUTION.—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:
INGRAM & ROYLE LTD.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1

prices of them and the wines. Then the remarks about the convenience of the resturant seem less than half the story. As, indeed, you 'll know to your pleasure when you 've eaten there. Oysters, mussels, scallops and that type of thing; with a strong backing in the chicken and egg-dish line. Really remarkable value when you come to look at your bill. Because the cooking of whatever you order is finely handled, and the service is as good as if the restaurant had been opened for years. And it 's quite young still.

But Pagès, the captain of its team of willing men, has worked hard and on very sound lines for the service of his place. There are no slips. He himself doesn't take the credit, and wouldn't want to.

Don't forget (our artist hasn't) the " à emporter " service, which goes very well here, and with the help of which you can have a Coquille meal served faultlessly in your own home simply by ordering the dishes you want. Pagès will see that they are just so; he will pack them safely and have them off by messenger to you right away. Soles, scallops, lobsters, tripe, beef, chicken. Name your choice and leave the rest to him.



Half-a-dozen oysters take a Cresta ride

The New Queen's

ONLY three more guzzling months for oysters! And there 's no better place to do that than the " Cresta " Bar on the street-level floor of the New Queen's in Leicester Square (something of a London rendezvous for winter-sportsmen already). The main bar runs up the left as you come in, and, if you are not an oyster man, you can sit there and discuss form or whatever over drinks and snacks. At the end you see the trappings of oysterdom, the celery, the brown bread, the wines by the glass and the second-course smoked salmon. All one price, natives 6/-. And no complaints.

Downstairs is the Bierkeller proper, which comes into its real own in the evening for dinner, wine, and late mugs of beer, singing and informality and recognising pals across the room. At lunch they have a colossal spread for the hungry, and anything the peckish gourmet can want besides. For 3/6 you can eat anything and everything on the menu (no kidding), and very welcome. That 's their news-story, and, as it is a very good one, they stick to it. Long may they! It is the best-value lunch at this moment that I know of. And plenty of room to take your ease.

The fun goes on there far into the night. For the price of a savoury, which, even if you don't want it, is very good, you can quench your thirst royally.

In spite of its obvious success, the New Queen's loves getting new ideas suggested by old friends.

King's Silver Birch

I WANT to go on drumming in the whereabouts of the Silver Birch, because it is not in everybody's street, though it is to everybody's taste and pocket. You know Brewer Street, which runs parallel, roughly, to Shaftesbury Avenue, just up to the left of it, and behind the Regent Palace? In Lower John Street, which connects that with Soho Square, is the Silver Birch. In the evening, when it is most to be sought for theatre dinners (being

Chef à la Suisse at King's Silver Birch

One of "Grandfather's Follies" at Grosvenor House

Judging from the Grosvenor House floor-show which has been enhancing suppers since before Christmas, grandfather was fairly choosy about his follies. The attractive chorus is very naughtily ninety, and the evening includes hansom cabs: hence its title

Vi Bradley at Ciro's

Vi Bradley has taken on the task of keeping up the high standard set by Veloz and Yolanda at Ciro's cabaret. Known to night-lifers of Hollywood and New York, she is making her first English appearance, is called the sophisticated lady of song, is said to be Joan Crawford's double. We find her more like Janet Gaynor

The Best . . .
costs so little extra

Pay yourself and your guests the compliment by giving them the BEST PORT

CLUBLAND WHITE
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so much on the spot, and so good at serving just those wants), you will see the big, blue Neon sign on the turn off Brewer Street. Go on in, and you 'll find a small room, with perhaps twelve small tables, and perhaps three waiters. That 's it. And it is worth very strong recommendation for those lunches and, particularly, dinners when you are looking for quiet and comfort as well as fine food.

The food is fine, yes. But not exotic, please. If you were served it at a lunch in a private house you would get evil designs for luring the cook to your own establishment at a higher salary. At the Silver Birch there is a Swiss master-touch downstairs, expert with plain things, wizard with sauces and a great acquisition to Mr. King's staff. Set lunches and dinners, or by the card if you wish. Wines you send out for, cheap and good. Chairs are comfortable, other feeders are quiet and keen, and you yourself will rise from your table a more contented person than before. It 's that sort of food, cooking and service. Go and find out about it.

EDAX.

The Boar's Head at Scarborough's Grand Hotel

Annually at the Grand Hotel, Scarborough, a boar's head is served, with traditional revelry, for the festive season. Above, it enters in state at the head of its procession (including the Seven Dwarfs), before the assembled guests

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Celia Ruth Spurling

Is the daughter of the late Harry B. Spurling and Mrs. Spurling, of 2, Egerton Mansions, S.W.3; she is engaged to John Robert Bonham Christie, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. R. A. Bonham Christie, of Avening Park, Glos.

Yvonne Gregory

Gillian Rosemary Dickinson

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Dickinson, of Maugersbury, Stow-on-the-Wold; she is to marry Robert Clerke Hutchinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Hutchinson, of 5, Egerton Place, S.W.3

Bassano

Joyce Rosalie Charnaud

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. W. Charnaud, of 146, Oakwood Court, W.14; her fiancé is Herbert Moreton Pinfold, R.A.F., only son of the late W. H. Pinfold, I.A.R.O., and of Mrs. Gray

Faya

Jessie Carrie Young

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Young, of 72, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.6; she is engaged to Kyrle Alan Clark, of 28, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, younger son of the late Leonard Clark and Mrs. Clark, of Christchurch, N.Z.

Fayer

Rosemary Locket

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Locket, of Shirrenden, Horsmonden, Kent, and is engaged to Peter Unwin, of Clifton College, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Unwin, of Cringleford, Norwich

Harrods

Nancy Phyllida Lloyd

Is Sir Idwal and Lady Lloyd's youngest daughter, and has announced her engagement to Christopher Arnold McDowall, youngest son of the late Rev. S. A. McDowall, of Winchester College, and Mrs. McDowall, of 72, Kingsgate St., Winchester. Her parents live at 4, Margaretta Terrace, Chelsea

Frank Buckingham

Susan Nancy Williams

Is the daughter of Major W. P. Williams, the Essex Regiment, and Mrs. Williams, of Cairo, and is to marry Robert King-Clark, M.C., The Manchester Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander King-Clark, of West Byfleet. Both fiancés hold "A" licences

Pearl Freeman

Helenora Charlotte Crompton

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Crompton, of Dunkirk House, Devizes, Wilts.; she is engaged to Edward Bruce Eccles, son of Mr. and the late Mrs. E. E. Eccles, of 55, Drayton Gardens, S.W.10

Douglas

Elizabeth Lynch Prioleau

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Lynch Prioleau, of Green Elms, Mortimer, Berks., and is to marry Lieut.-Col. Eric Norman Goddard, M.V.O., O.B.E., M.C., 4th/15th Punjab Regiment, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Goddard, and nephew of Mr. T. A. Roberts, of Sunningdale

Pamela Booth

Vivian Beresford

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Beresford, of The Hall Studio, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, and is engaged to Gilbert Bartholomew, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Bartholomew, of Margery Wood, Lower Kingswood, Surrey

Peter North

Marty Hanbury

Diana Martha Germaine (Marty) Hanbury, eldest daughter of Mr. Arthur Hanbury, and Mrs. Hanbury-Kelk, of Barton Mills Halls, Bury St. Edmunds; her fiancé is Arthur Henry Morris, only son of Mr. Harold Morris and Mrs. Oscar Kean

Stuart Hamilton

Vera Medwin

Is the only daughter of Mrs. Medwin of Coverack, Cookham, Berks., and is to marry Flt.-Lt. Eric Trenchard-Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Trenchard-Smith, of Auckland, New Zealand

Crompton — Paterson

Ralph Kenyon Crompton, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Crompton, of Betton Hall, Market Drayton, and Lell Paterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Paterson, of Oaklands, Bunbury, Cheshire, were married at Bunbury Parish Church

Whinney — Burges Watson

Patrick Whinney, son of Major and Mrs. Harold Whinney, of 58, Walton Street, S.W.3, and Mary Burges Watson, daughter of Rear-Admiral Burges Watson, of Four Winds, Bosham, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Burges Watson, were married at Holy Trinity, Sussex

Fenton — Shaw

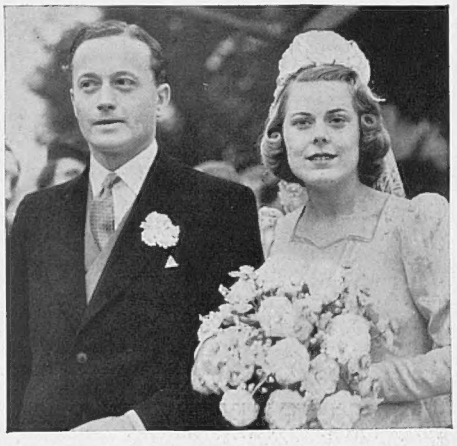
Captain George Geoffrey J. Fenton, Royal Artillery, son of Lieut.-Col. G. C. V. Fenton, late R. E., and Mrs. Fenton, of 10, Courtfield Gardens, S.W., married Harriet Monica Shaw at All Saints', Milford. She is the daughter of the late Major R. A. Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, of Old Walls, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.

Thomson — Learmonth

William Napier Thomson, son of the late Sir William Thomson and Lady Thomson, of Carriston House, Bo'ness, Stirlingshire, and Isobel Gillespie Learmonth, daughter of the late James Learmonth and Mrs. Learmonth, of Abbey Craig Park, Stirling, were married at Logie Church

Hingston — Lewis

Captain Walter George Hingston, 1st Punjab Regiment, son of C. A. Hingston, of Barton-in-Favis, Notts., and Elizabeth Margaret Lewis, daughter of Brigadier C. G. Lewis, Surveyor-General of India, and Mrs. Lewis, were married at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi



Stuttaford — Chubb

Richard Bawden Stuttaford, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Stuttaford, of Cape Town, South Africa, and Diana Emory Chubb, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Chubb, of Marchmont, Chorley Wood, Herts., were married at St. Michael's, Chenies

Sandars — Pattinson

Captain Francis Wyld Sandars, Durham L.I., son of Canon G. R. and Mrs. Sandars, of Davenham Rectory, Northwich, Cheshire, and Anne Primrose Pattinson, daughter of the late Capt. D. L. Pattinson, Royal Fusiliers, and Mrs. Pattinson, of Southfield, Greywell, Hants., were married at All Souls' Langham Place

Bryant — Aitken

Captain Maurice M. A. Bryant, Gloucestershire Regiment, and Pamela Joan Aitken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Aitken, of Nethergrove, High Bickington, Devon, were married at High Bickington. He is the son of the late Colonel Alan Bryant and Mrs. Bryant, of Wren Cottage, Bideford

Barr — Shaw

Bruce Ainsworth Barr, son of the late Ainsworth Barr and Mrs. Barr, of Malone Park, Belfast, and Jean Margaret Elspeth Shaw, daughter of W. T. Shaw, M.P. for Forfarshire, and Mrs. Shaw, of 17, Lindfield Gardens, Hampstead, and Tenandry, Killiecrankie, Perthshire, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

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A smart day frock in fine wool with satin sleeves and gilet effect finished with embroidered wool motifs. Made to order in our Court Dressmaking workrooms.

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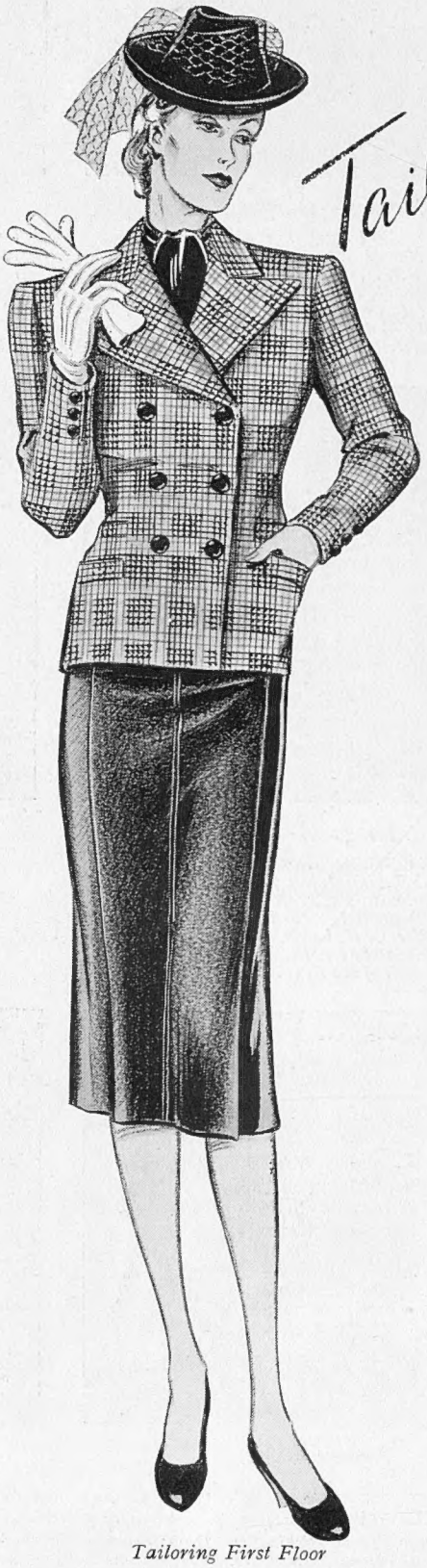

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A new chessboard check tweed with a vivid stripe running through it is featured for the coat of this new tailormade, with the smart high double breasted line; slim fitting skirt the stitched panel front with open flaps allowing freedom for walking.

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Cannes.—**Hôtel Regina.**—First-class Family Hotel. Sunny park. Near Croisette and Tennis. Moderate terms.

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Menton.—**Hotel Atlantic & Malte.**—1st class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden.

Menton.—**Riviera Palace.**—Ideal Winter Residence, 25 acres of grounds and gardens.

Monte Carlo.–**Hotel Bristol & Majestic.**–200 rms. 80 bths. Facing sea. Bridge rm. & bar. Gar. for 20 cars in htl. Full bd. fr. Frs. 75 on.

Monte Carlo.–**Le Grand Hotel.**–350 rooms. 280 bathrooms. Entirely renov. Open all the year. Central. Opposite New Sporting Club.

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FRANCE—*continued*

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SWITZERLAND—*continued*

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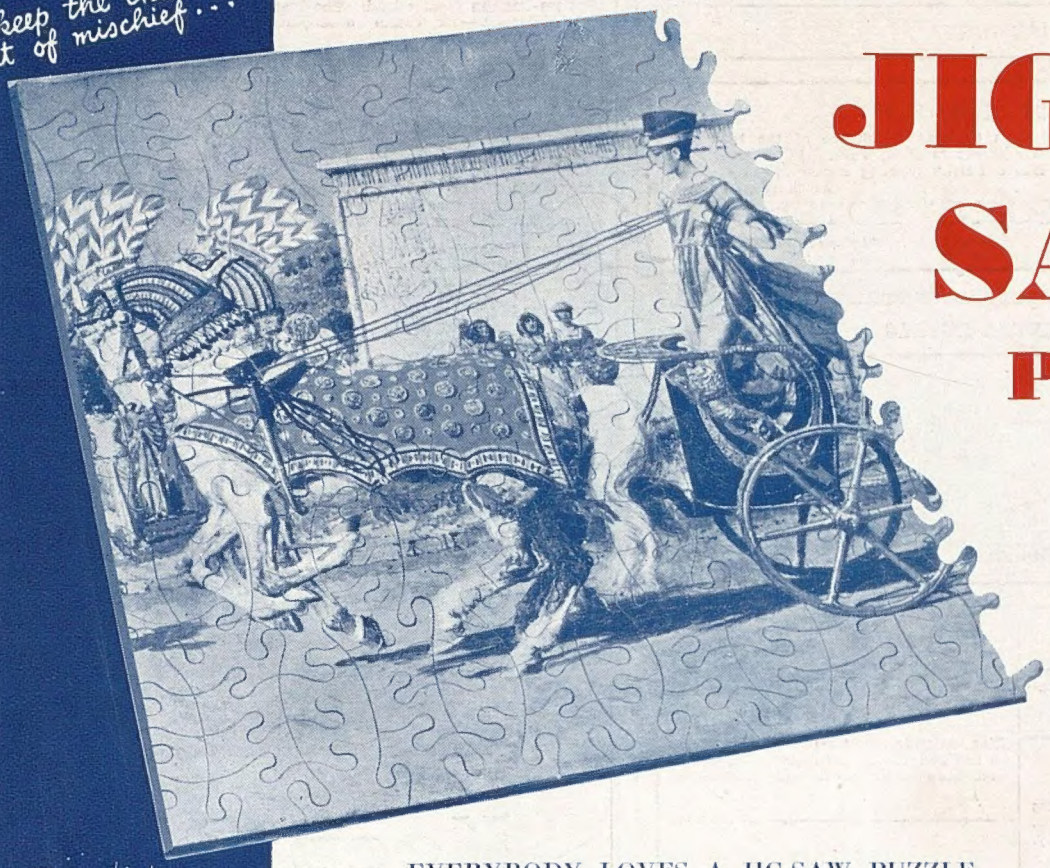

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti" by Fortunino Matania, R.I., is shown alongside. This is one of the several delightful pictures available.

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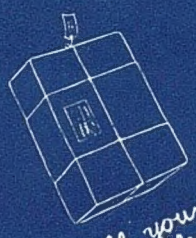

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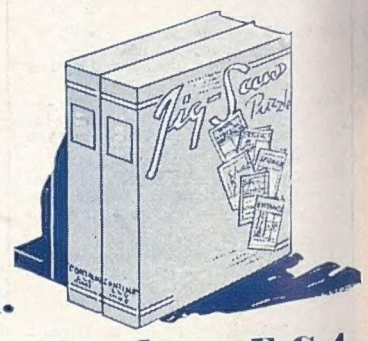

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